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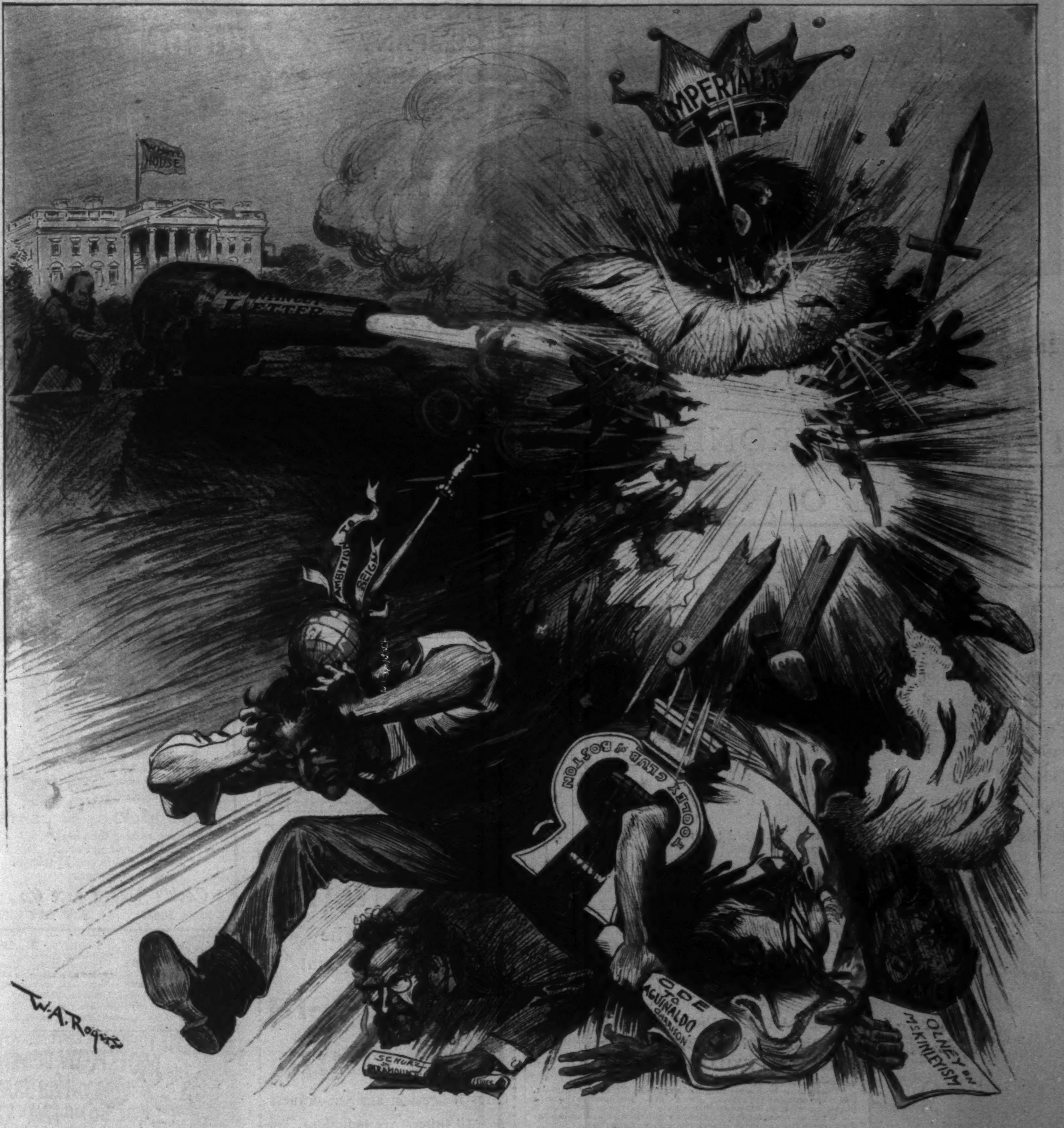
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 22 : 1900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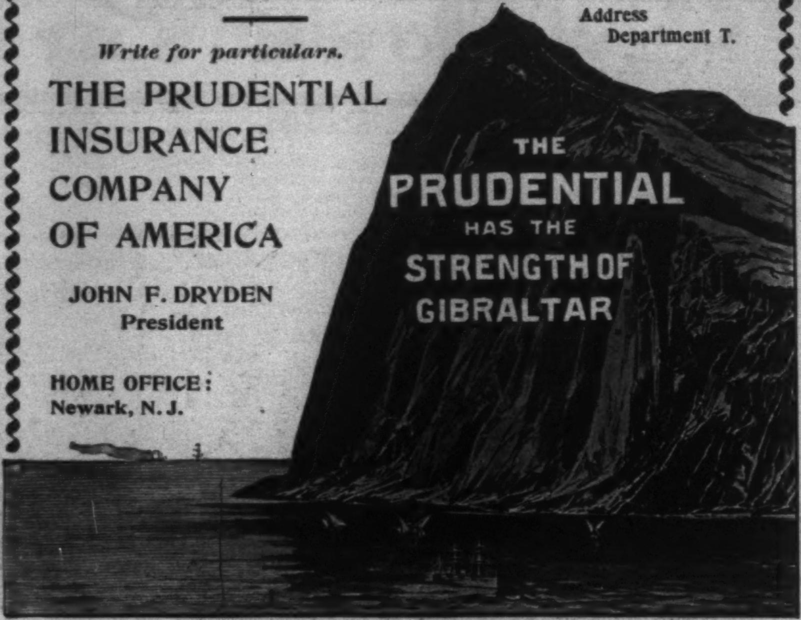

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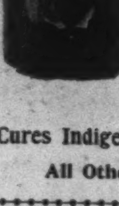

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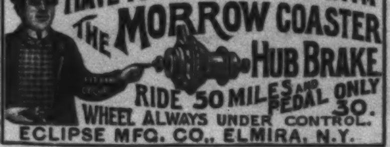
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Sept. 22 1900

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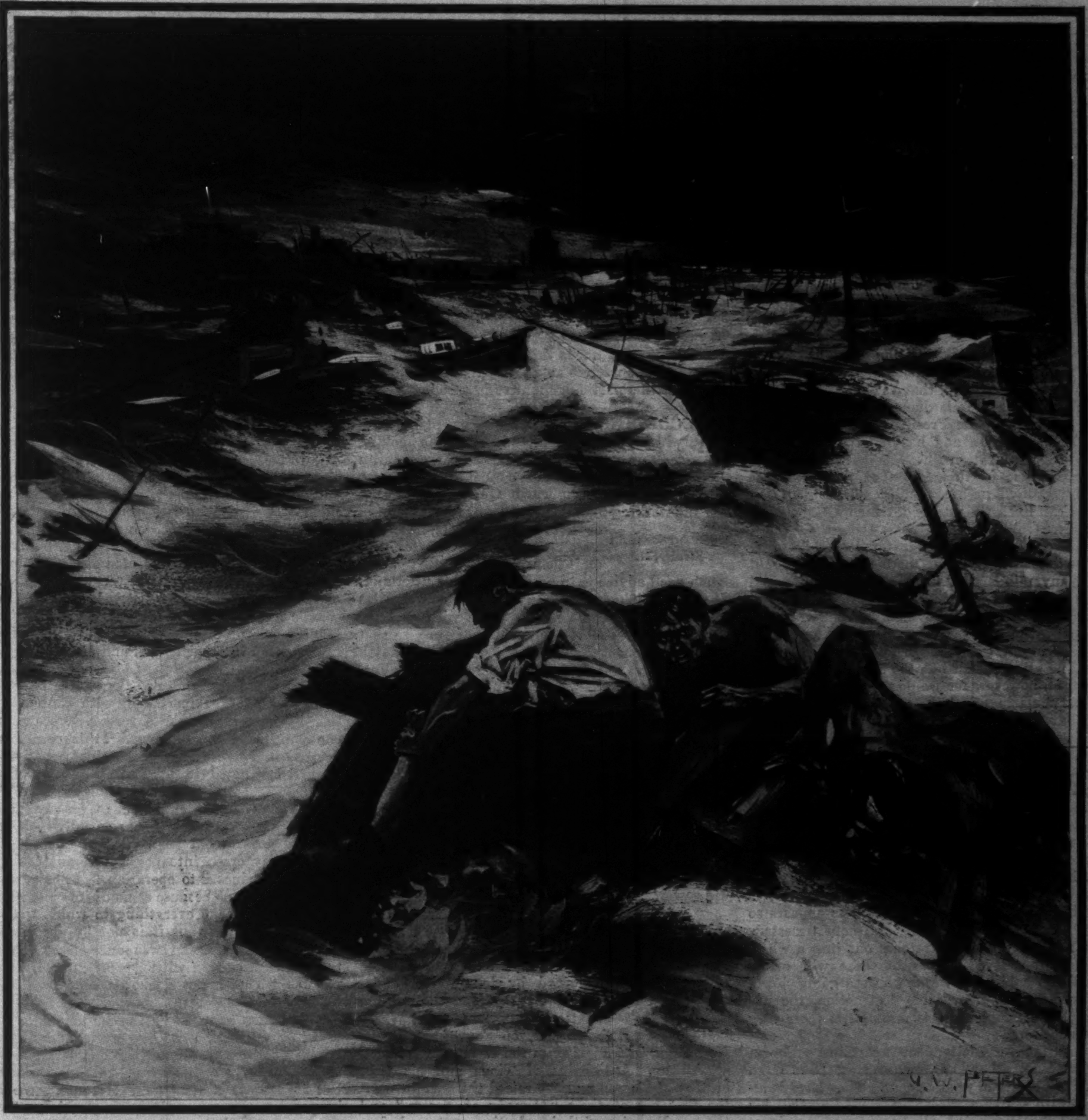

THE DESTRUCTION OF GALVESTON.

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS FROM TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900

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The President's Letter

THE letter of President McKinley to Senator Lodge, in which he formally accepts the Republican nomination for a second term of the Presidential office, is a valuable contribution to contemporary history. Of unquestioned force as a campaign document, vigorous, courageous, clear, cogent in argument, and convincing in its simple sincerity, it nevertheless rises above the mission for which it was primarily designed, and in all candor may be set down as a review of political conditions which with scarcely a change might well be incorporated into the more permanent form in which the historians' labors are usually presented to the public. The President in its preparation has seemed to realize that in making a brief for the Republican party the strongest and best method lay in a plain statement of exact facts, marshalling these in such fashion that their significance could not fail to be perfectly obvious to an intelligent mind, and phrasing them in periods so free from obscuring terms that even a child might understand them. One cannot but be impressed in reading the letter that it is rather the expression of a statesman upon matters vitally affecting the welfare of the nation than the bid of a candidate for a high public office desirous of winning the confidence of the electors. It is this fact that makes of the letter one of the most remarkable documents, if not actually the most notable of its kind, that has ever issued from the White House. It is due to this fact that the letter comes upon the President's opponents with overwhelming force, and has for the time being carried demoralization into their ranks. It is largely because of this fact that the letter has already resulted in a stiffening all along of the Republican lines, the results of which will manifest themselves in no uncertain way on the 6th of November. The letter has inspired confidence by its obvious sincerity, and there can be no doubt that many minds that have hitherto been vexed and wavering have had their vision cleared and their course made plain by Mr. McKinley's convincing presentation of the precise situation.

Of course our Populistic friends and their masquerading allies do not like the letter. This is not important, however, for we do not imagine that it was particularly designed to find favor in their eyes, but the singular feature of their distress over it is that they like least the paragraphs in which the President yields to their clamor and discusses their phantom issue. It was quite a compliment to them that the President should treat so seriously their bogie of Imperialism, and that by doing so he distressed them so deeply is surprising, unless it be that, because of the thoroughness of his treatment of the theme, his compliment has proven too fulsome for their taste. The prevailing note of adverse criticism, however, is that the letter is "long." It doubtless appears so to the Populistic mind. The half-hour necessary to its reading probably stretches out into a whole night of unrelieved horror to those who suffer beneath its subtle lash, and who see going down, one by one, into irrevocable destruction, the unprincipled principles whose triumph is their very heart's desire.

Incidentally, the letter leaves certain gentlemen like the Hon. Richard Olney and the Hon. Carl Schurz in a pitiful predicament. They have swallowed, with scarce a wink, Mr. Bryan and all his political heresies, and all because of an issue which the simple truth has utterly demolished. Stripped of their refuge in this, they now stand before the public eye as advocates of national dishonor, of open defiance of authority, and as active sympathizers with the cause of Aguinaldo, who is prolonging a conflict of his own making with the forces of the United States government. Richard Olney fighting shoulder to shoulder with John P. Altgeld is a spectacle only equalled in its appalling pitifulness by that of the Hon. Carl Schurz as the open champion of a debased currency and a supporter of the alleged right of mankind to riot freely without molestation by the guardians of the law. There are six weeks left before election day, ample time for Mr. Olney and Mr. Schurz to escape from the disorganizing forces with which they are now in alliance. The President's letter affords them a chance to set themselves right in the eyes of an astonished public by telling them something which they did not know before. They should make the best of their bad bargain, confess their error, gracefully change their minds again, and hark back to the honorable associations with which they have hitherto been identified.

There would be no disgrace in a scuttle policy of this nature for these gentlemen at this juncture.

An Apology

WE owe Mr. Bryan an apology, and it is hereby tendered to the eminent Populist. We took him to task somewhat gently last week, because, as we alleged, it was impolite of him to keep over 70,000,000 people waiting four or five weeks for his answer to the *Herald's* pertinent question as to his intentions, if elected to the Presidency, in the matter of supplanting gold with silver. We had overlooked the fact that Mr. Bryan had already answered the question, and with rather greater promptness than lack of it. Indeed, he answered it in 1896, about four years before it occurred to the *Herald* to ask it, and in these words: "If there is any one who believes the gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."

This is as definite and as plain an answer as any one could desire, and since Mr. Bryan has given no sign that his views have been modified by the mellowing processes of his four years of semi-private and semi-military life, we must conclude that as he thought then he thinks now. We may add to those who believe with us that the gold standard is a righteous thing that for once in our lives we find ourselves able to say that Mr. Bryan's advice in this particular matter is excellent.

Good Advice from Mr. Bryan

ACCORDING to our luminous contemporary which shines for all and which is making matters particularly warm for the Bryanites these September days, the Populist candidate for the Presidency, at Cambridge, Ohio, recently said, "If the working-man does not know how to vote in order to hurt the trusts, he should watch the Trust Magnates vote and then vote the other way." Much good advice is to be found in this utterance. The chief difficulty in many States, however, lies in the secrecy of the ballot. We wish that for once the polling might be open as of yore, so that the working-men could gather together and watch Mr. Richard Croker, Chief of the Tammany Voting Trust, and Mr. Robert A. Van Wyck, the iceman par excellence of the hour, casting their ballots for Bryan and Stevenson. If the workingmen would follow Mr. Bryan's advice and vote the other way—and we think most of them will do so—it would be worth while to exempt these two men from the provisions of the ballot laws of the State of New York, and let them give a public exhibition of their exercise of the franchise in the Madison Square Garden.

The State Campaign

THE gubernatorial situation in the State of New York is a lugubrious affair altogether, as affairs conducted by proxy almost invariably are. It is definitely understood now, a month and a half before election, that upon the expiration of Governor Roosevelt's term the State is to be governed by long-distance telephone either from the United States Senate-Chamber at Washington, or from the wigwam on Fourteenth Street, New York, instead of from the Executive Mansion at Albany. Antipholus of Tioga and his twin brother of Tammany have raised the curtain upon the first act of their "Comedy of Errors," and the two Dromios of their selection are now before the audience—estimable, honest Dromios, no doubt; alike in character, mental equipment, and fitness to conduct their masters' business as the originals who delighted us in the pages of the Immortal Bard, but Dromios none the less, and therefore servants, not masters. Could Antipholus of Tammany be removed to the depths of the African jungle and his twin brother of Tioga be sequestrated in the bleak hills of Siberia for the balance of their days, there could be little complaint as to the two agents selected by these gentlemen to do their bidding, who, left to themselves, and relying upon their own resources, might satisfactorily perform the functions of the high office which one of them must inevitably occupy. So far as we are aware they are both persons of eminent respectability, and it has been the testimony of history that when a respectable American finds himself in a position of responsibility he is usually able to meet such emergencies as may arise to test his courage and to try his strength, unless there is some restraining influence which retards his development. Unfortunately, however, there is little chance that the masters of the situation will oblige the public by disappearing from their respective spheres of influence even for a little while, and the people of the State of New York may as well make up their minds to the inevitable fact that for two years from January 1, 1901 the title of the chief officer of the Commonwealth is to be Vice-Governor, and that the real head of affairs is to be either Thomas C. Platt or Richard Croker.

The Galveston Horror

THE appalling disaster at Galveston is without a parallel in the history of American cities. The Johnstown flood and the Charleston earthquake are the nearest approach to it in magnitude that we recall. Awful as these were, they are far surpassed in sheer horror by the dreadful visitation which has been inflicted upon the Texas city. It would seem as if every conceivable dread circumstance had combined to add to the misery and woe of it all. Wind, water, and fire were bad enough without the horrible addition of riot, murder, and theft. The piling up of the newly dead on the streets, in the houses, and on the shores was dreadful enough without the emptying by floods of the cemeteries; and the fearful isolation from the rest of the world which the location of the city rendered inevitable, and which, by preventing immediate relief, prolonged the misery of the survivors, lent an additional horror to a situation already past all bearing.

There never was a time when the sympathy of a large-hearted and generous people for a stricken friend was more thoroughly justified, and it is one of the fine and inspiring spectacles of our day, said to be sordid and full of greed, to see the quick response which the American people, from one end of the country to the other, have made to the piteous cry for help that has come up out of the South-land. Money, medicine, food, drink, clothing—all things that the sufferers need are pouring in upon them in unstinted measure, and the heart swells as one watches the tender solicitude of the whole land for its afflicted ones.

It is a blessed privilege to be a citizen of a republic made up of such people, and to be allied to hearts so large, so generous, and so true.

In Answer to a Correspondent

"WHY does Harper's Weekly treat the question of Imperialism with contempt and ridicule?" asks a reader. Because it is contemptible and ridiculous. It is contemptible because it is in its mainsprings insincere. It is a bogie constructed to frighten the timid, and is being made use of by a party which stands for everything which is essentially subversive of good government as a cloak under which its leaders may creep into power and put their pernicious doctrines into operation.

It is ridiculous because some of its most vociferous agitators make everything to which they ally themselves absurd, but it is not by any means a joke. An Englishman was once asked what he thought of a certain witticism in *Punch*. His reply was, "That is not a joke; it is an unmitigated lie."

This seems to us to be the Imperialistic situation in a nutshell, and while truth must ultimately prevail, there are times when mendacity must be treated with the contempt and ridicule it deserves, lest it achieve a temporary triumph. We have been going through such a period this past summer, and for that reason Harper's Weekly has endeavored to show the false question in its true light.

EXPANSION UNAVOIDABLE

By R. VAN BERGEN

BEGINNING with the latter half of the nineteenth century, the tendency of events has been unquestionably toward transferring the vortex of human activity and progress from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. Prior to that time the great republic, guarded by the then almost impassable ocean from interference by aggressive nations of the Old World, was able to work out its own destiny, and, in the Monroe doctrine, declared its intention of doing so in unmistakable terms. The commonwealth was still in its infancy. Republican institutions were not looked upon with any great favor by monarchs just recovering from the upheaval caused by the French Revolution, and dreading the resuscitation of demands for political rights. The threatening aspect of this scarcely veiled ill-favor on the part of European governments was enhanced by the foreign-owned colonies on the American continent, which, to a certain degree, annulled the protection afforded by the Atlantic Ocean. The long and defenceless coast-line of the United States; its scanty population, whose principal occupations, agriculture and commerce, demanded peaceful development—all these conditions rendered the Monroe doctrine deservedly popular. Candor compels the admission that the foundation of the present prosperity of the United States, and the power attached to wealth, was laid, to a great extent, by the policy embodied in the famous declaration.

On the other hand, it is an irrefutable fact that, since the beginning of the world's history, such human energy as we express by the words progress and civilization has uniformly moved its vortex in a westerly direction. This movement, originating in Asia, gathered impetus as ages rolled by, until, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, it attained an unheard-of momentum. It was remarkable, to say the least, that the republic, flinging to the breeze its banner with the inscription, *Nemo me impune lacessit!* should feel an impulse to batter down the wall of isolation of an Oriental people. Nor was it less remarkable that the youngest nation of the Occident should complete the circle of human energy, by linking the farthest West to Asia, the cradle of civilization. It was, however, decidedly inconsistent with the spirit of the Monroe doctrine and its implied exposition of national rights that the United States compelled Japan to enter into the comity of nations. But consistent or inconsistent, the policy met with approval because the interests of American commerce demanded it.

Yet this policy confirmed, even at that early day, the fact that a jacket which fits and becomes a lusty youth may sit uncomfortably and may look ridiculous when the youth expands into manhood. In this case, while this new departure did not exactly lead to "entangling alliances," it caused at once a healthy cooperation with other nations. When the flag was grossly insulted by the Lord of Choshiu at Shimonoseki, Commander McDougal of the United States sloop-of-war *Wyoming* obtained satisfaction by destroying Choshiu's incipient fleet; and when international interests demanded that the same noble be taught to respect peaceable ships of friendly nations, the United States was represented by the chartered steamer *Ta-Kiang*.

The civil war prevented the Union from at once taking the rank in international affairs due to its wealth and geographical position. The United States of 1865 was no longer that of the fifties. Commerce was ruined, and agriculture alone was no outlet to the energy of the people. Manufacturing, hitherto of minor consideration, was largely engaged in, and gradually assumed greater importance. The policy of the government was, rightly, to encourage new industries, with the natural result that whereas agriculture necessarily remains an important source of national wealth, its interests are subordinate to manufacturing, with its more diffused and speedier returns.

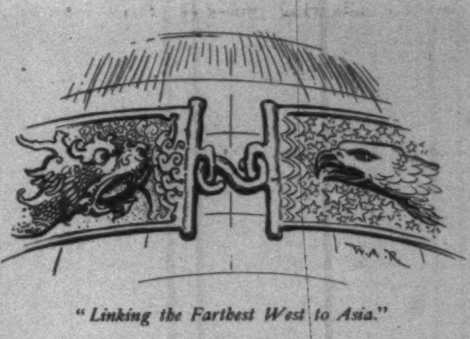
Thirty years of this policy, excluding the second administration of President Cleveland, have made of the United States what it is to-day, one of the foremost industrial nations. The restless energy of its manufacturers and middle-men scatters American productions in every nook and corner of the globe. This expansion of the nation's industrial output has brought it to a point where international contact is unavoidable.

The jacket, too tight for the lusty youth of 1850, is a ridiculous misfit for the well-developed man of 1900. The war with Spain caused a great rip; but even without that episode the seams must have given way. Ex-President Cleveland, the pre-eminent peaceman and advocate of the Monroe doctrine, had a hair-breadth escape in the Venezuelan imbroglio, when he decided to stretch it so that it would button. As to the war of 1898, the present Administration cannot be held responsible, since the President did all that was possible to stem the tide of popular clamor. What the Administration did was to accept both the war and its results as facts. It was then, and is now, felt by all thinkers, regardless of party, that new conditions have arisen, and all equally admit that the results of the war—logical or illogical, according to the ratiocination of the thinker—render a new departure necessary.

History teaches that in all popular assemblies two parties represent the difference in public opinion. Under whatever name they may appear, one advocates progress, the other conservatism. When no distinct line of demarcation exists, from the absence of causes leading to the enunciation of a strongly expressed policy, local disagreements may temporarily obscure the real issue, but it remains in existence, and the slightest convulsion will bring it to the surface. Where it has been concealed for a period longer than usual, its reappearance may lead to the effacing of existing party lines and the drawing of a new, thereby producing new affiliations. Statesmen who in the vigor of manhood were found in the van of progress may find their mental old age incapable of appreciating altered conditions, and with an ominous shake of the head forebode dire consequences. As the history of the American people furnishes abundant proof of the truth of this general statement, so the lives of all statesmen, grown old in the service, demonstrate that after reaching a certain age their usefulness is impaired, and their places are taken by another generation grown up in familiarity with existing circumstances.

When the war with Spain was declared in obedience to popular clamor, the two great parties, by the action of their respective members in Congress, vied in acclaiming the policy. No sooner was it brought to a successful issue than the line of demarcation was drawn, generally speaking, according to the law of divergence of thought. It pleads well for those members of Congress who disregarded party lines endeared by old associations, to follow the dictates of conscience. Tersely stated, the new party line represents on the one hand, Entering upon the Unknown, *i.e.*, Progress; and on the other, Loyalty to the Past, *i.e.*, Conservatism.

If history teaches anything, it is that conservatism when it prevails habitually indicates national decay. As stagnant water breeds the microbe of death, so nature itself preaches action, and in national life action is synonymous with progress. The people of the United States, known for their restless energy, which possesses the boy not yet out of his teens equally with the man who has reached or passed the allotted threescore years and ten, are expanding constantly. It is by this innate spirit of expansion that the marvellous wealth of our time was created.



"Linking the Farthest West to Asia."

Both parties, then, agree in the necessity of expansion of commerce. Indeed, in this country no party could exist, even for a day, which would curb the increase of business by law or enactment. The question, then, narrows to the discussion if territorial expansion is absolutely necessary to allow full swing to the spirit of enterprise of the people.

In this discussion historical precedents are unavoidable, since the theory of protection by tariff at home must be taken into consideration. This is not the place to argue the pros and cons of a protective policy. It is only necessary to deal with facts, and they teach that as the United States assumes the right to forbid competition with its industries in the home market, it cannot deny the same privilege to other nations. That at least is logical.

Of all the continents of the Old World, Asia at this time attracts most attention. More than thirty years ago, a far-sighted American statesman (William H. Seward) wrote:

"Who does not see that henceforth every year European commerce, European politics, European thoughts, and European activity, although actually gaining greater force, and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will nevertheless ultimately sink in importance, while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter?"

This prophecy, as every reader knows, is now being fulfilled. Conservatism, in the case of China's blind adherence to old superstitions, is causing the disintegration of that empire, the world's market for many future generations. Two forces, both inimical to the Anglo-Saxon, secretly more hostile to the American than to the Englishman on account of the growing wealth and power of the republic, are now face to face, breathlessly waiting for the moment favorable to fly at each other's throat. England, the late champion of progress, forgetting the traditions to which she owes her greatness, is not in a position to demand and enforce peace. In the approaching struggle between Russia and Japan, the stake is China, and whichever may win will attempt to absorb the rich empire, regardless of the desires of America.

Whatever may be said about the friendship of Russia and Japan for the United States, no American citizen possessed of common-sense but will flout the idea of either nation opening its doors to be flooded by American products, after being convinced that a protective or prohibitive tariff is a shorter road to national wealth. As well suppose that a merchant will furnish the names of his customers to a competitor because he likes him. That the trade with China is considered of the gravest moment is evidenced by the efforts of the Administration to secure a written assurance of the stability of the Open Door policy, a measure equally endorsed by both parties here. But who on earth is so simple as to suppose that such assurances are worth the paper they are written on, so soon as their provisions clash with the interests of a powerful nation? International law and Treaties of the Hague notwithstanding, between nations as often between individuals, Might is Right.

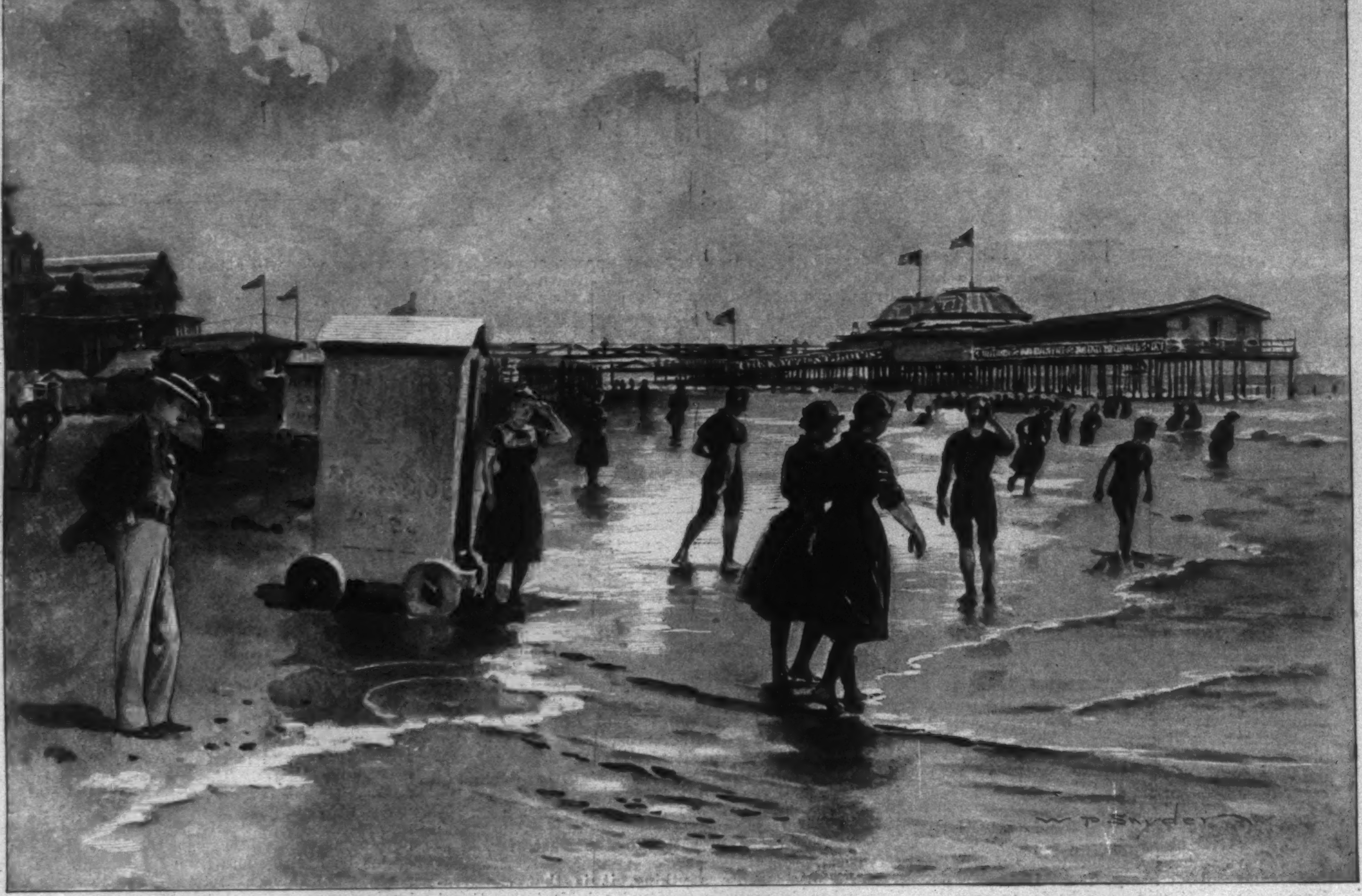
Nowhere, in the present day, does a nation as such represent the spirit, or rather the national characteristics, of its people to such a degree as in the United States. This is no monarchy, where a government rules sometimes in opposition to national sentiment. Here the Administration, to ensure its continued existence, must be in touch with the sentiments of the majority, and to be successful, ever feel the pulse of popular desires. This it is which renders politics and politicians possible. The typical American, just and law-abiding as he well deserves being described, will protest energetically, and continue doing so until he obtains redress, when he considers that his rights or his business suffers from interference. The nation partakes of this characteristic, as the late war with Spain demonstrates.

Since, then, our trade with China has even now assumed such gigantic proportions as to call for a written guarantee of non-interference, the United States must be prepared to defend its vested rights on the other side of the Pacific. In order to be able to do so, territorial acquisition, or territorial expansion, is a necessity. There is no other alternative; it is either, Renounce expansion of commerce, or, Be prepared to defend it. Only a naturally weak nation or one strong but unprepared is likely to be attacked. Physical strength always imposes respect, with individuals as well as with nations. The old adage, In time of peace prepare for war, is as true now as it ever was.

As to the actual possession of the Philippine Islands, anarchy would immediately follow the withdrawal of the United States, and other nations would show less moral scruple than the opponents of their possession pretend having. Pretend—for without imputing hypocrisy, or assigning any but honorable reasons for their opposition, its real cause is the entrance upon an unknown path without being able to see where it will lead. But whatever be the distinction between moral scruple and dread of the unknown, it surely shows scant confidence in American institutions, this openly expressed doubt that they cannot create greater happiness than the inexperienced natives, handicapped with traditional oppression of generation upon generation as far back as three hundred years ago.

The more selfish conservative argument, that the possession of the Philippine Islands will flood the United States with cheap Asiatic labor, dissolves into vapor after a moment's consideration. As the American, accustomed to the changes of a more or less rigorous climate, and the food and mode of living demanded by it, must either discard these habits upon entering these islands, and acquire those prescribed by climatic conditions, or risk sickness and an early grave, so the very same conditions prevail for the native Filipino who emigrates to the United States, with the additional deterring clause that living here demands an expense immeasurably beyond his home standard. A native of those tropical isles, unless gradually prepared for the physical changes required by the climate of the United States, and possessing an unusually robust constitution, could not survive an ordinary winter, even in California.

These arguments, called for by statements made by the conservative element, are of a subordinate nature. The supreme fact is that as commerce expands, the necessity grows for some of the citizens to expatriate themselves and to reside temporarily in countries possessing a civilization alien, and sometimes hostile, to that of the American. If the conservatives concede the necessity of commercial expansion, they must, for the sake of consistency, concede that the American citizen abroad shall be protected in his just rights. Such protection has hitherto been wretchedly inadequate. Little or no respect has been shown to the American flag. The records of the State Department contain a long list of complaints of American citizens, both ladies and gentlemen, who have been wantonly assaulted in Japan. In China, missionaries trusting to the protection of the flag have been ruthlessly murdered, and a paltry sum of money was supposed to wash off the stain upon the flag that could not protect. The best protection, and the only protection for American citizens in those countries, is the certainty that every wanton act will entail just reprisals, even to the raising and upholding of the flag which proclaims liberty.



BATHING PAVILIONS ON THE BEACH AT GALVESTON.
Completely Destroyed by the Hurricane of September 8, 1900.

THE GALVESTON CALAMITY

THE people who dwell on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are accustomed to furious tropical storms, but no previous experience has been so severe as the present. With great loss of life and property the storm which broke over Galveston Island on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of September, carried devastation in its track, wrecking the shipping in the harbor, blowing down hundreds of houses in the city, and more or less injuring them all, flooding the city with sea-water to a depth of several feet, destroying the gas, water, and electric plants, toppling over the bridges which united the island with the mainland, and shutting off the stricken city from the outside world. Those who tell the world of the great catastrophes usually overestimate the harm that has been wrought; but in this instance the damage far exceeded the guesses as to its extent. We first heard that a thousand lives had been lost; we now are sure that in Galveston and the neighborhood thereof something like to four thousand were killed by water and by the falling of walls and timbers. The loss of property, grave though it is—for Galveston is in ruins—is of minor consideration, and estimates that could now be furnished would not be much more valuable than guesses.

The storm which did all this damage had been expected for several days, and was being looked forward to all along the Atlantic coast. It originated off Porto Rico on the last day of August, and moved slowly but furiously a little north of west. The next day it was off Haiti, and on the 2d of September did considerable damage on the southern coast of Jamaica. By the 5th of September it had crossed the narrow western end of Cuba, and was headed for the Florida peninsula. It was expected that it would pass north along the eastern coast of Florida, and so come up to the neighborhood of New York. But at the Florida end it veered off due west, and went across the Gulf of Mexico, gathering in force as it went, and carrying unusually high seas before it. Texas is on the extreme western shore of the Gulf, and the island of Galveston was just in the path of the storm. This island is about twenty-seven miles long and from one to three and a half miles in width. It is intersected by many small bayous, and on its ocean-front there is a hard, smooth, sandy beach. There is not a natural elevation of more than ten feet above the sea on the whole island. The city of Galveston was built on the northeastern end of the island, at the mouth of Galveston Bay, which is entered by five miles of deep channel protected by stone jetties. The bay is quite shallow in most places, and the railroads enter the city over trestles of piling driven into the bottom.

Galveston has experienced storms before, and on several occasions severe damage has been done. But the people have grown used to the danger from inundation, and even when the storm broke on that fateful Saturday morning they were not unusually disturbed. They went about their business in ordinary fashion, confident that the storm would soon blow over. At ten o'clock a gale was blowing. By noon this gale had increased to hurricane proportions, and those dwelling near the beach began to realize that this was something more than an ordinary summer gust of wind. Great waves were dashed over the beach, and the summer resorts were no longer habitable. Even then the people in Galveston were not apprehensive. But shortly past three in the afternoon it was apparent that something unusual was in the wind, which was blowing at forty-four miles an hour, while the barometer read 29.22 inches. Business men closed up their places and started for their homes to look after their families. But before these tardily awakened people could realize what was happening the full fury of the tropical hurricane was upon them, and communication was cut off not only with the outside world, but it was impossible to get from one part of the city to another. Two great forces were fiercely at work. The Gulf waves drove high upon the beach, and the gale from the northeast pitched the waters against the wharves and abutments, choking the sewers and flooding the city from that quarter. The wind which had been some fifty miles an hour quickened to eighty-four, when the measuring apparatus of the Weather Bureau was wrecked, and the rest can only be guessed at. The streets were rapidly filling with water, and each person had to stay where he was caught, as it was nigh to impossible to move from place to place.

In times such as this, however, the impossible is done, and many men did succeed in getting their families into the more substantial buildings, such as the public schools, the court-house, and the hotels. From three o'clock in the afternoon the wind increased steadily until it was at its highest, and certainly not less than one hundred miles an hour. The barometer also continued to fall, reaching its lowest, 28.04½ inches, at 7.30 P.M. This was the very height of the storm, but this highest continued for more than two hours. The flimsy among the structures in the city were now nearly all down, knocked into kindling-wood by the fury of the wind; and even the most substantial of the buildings were being damaged. Here a slate roof was blown off, there an iron roof rolled up and was hurled across the street as though it had been paper; timbers were carried in the air as though the solid oak and pine were only grass or straw, while wires, telegraph, telephone, electric light, and trolley, were everywhere, for the poles had snapped like pipe-stems and let their burdens loose. The force seemed irresistible, as mighty as it was merciless. All this was in unrelieved darkness, which prevented even the most resourceful from averting the dangers that were on every hand. There was little if any change for two hours and a half. Then the barometer began slowly to rise and the worst of the storm was over. In two hours more the wind had subsided, and by midnight there was quiet in stricken Galveston—the quiet of death.

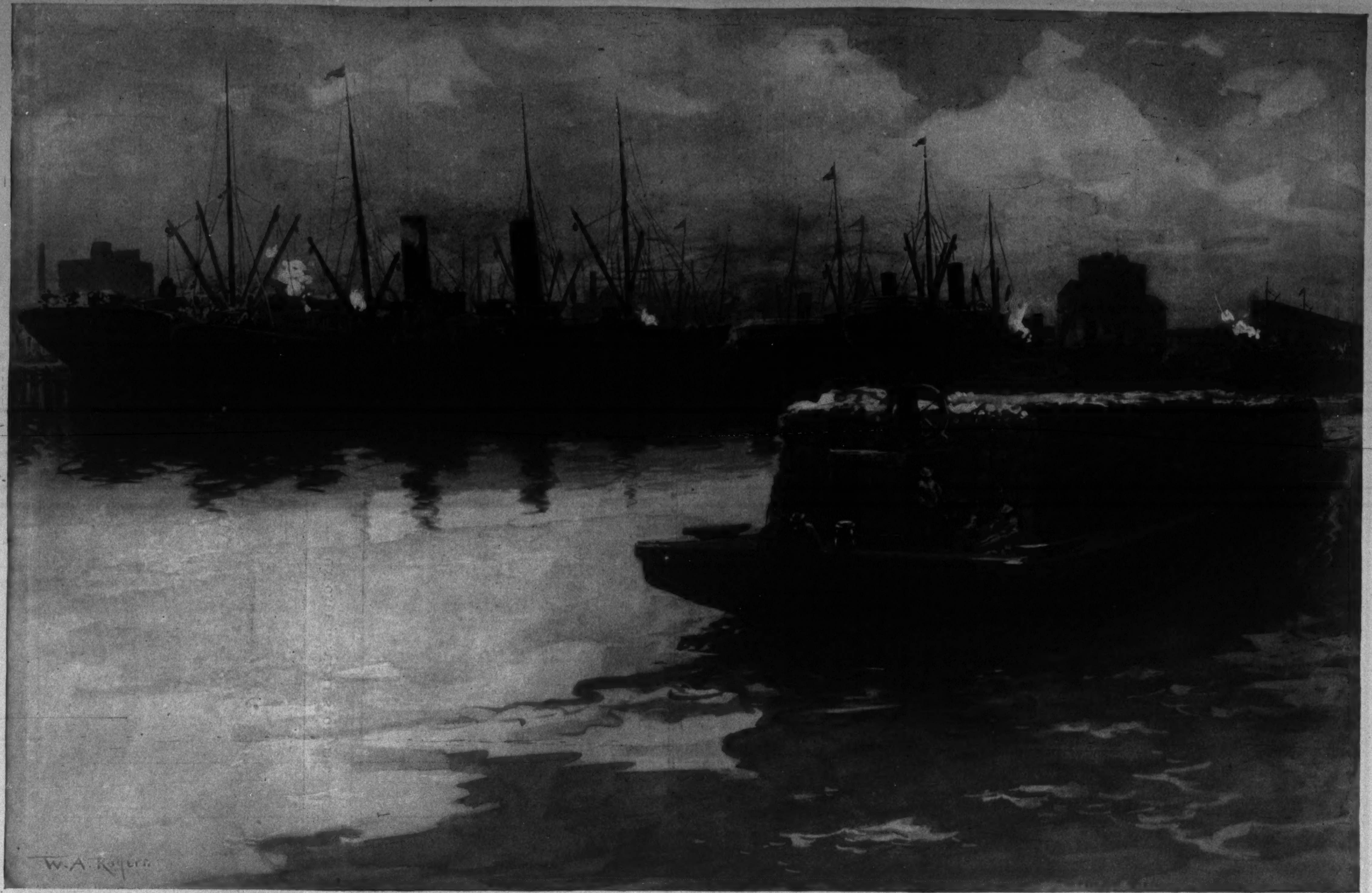
The water, which in some streets had been eight feet deep, began quickly to run out, and by daylight the pavements were again exposed. But what a scene of devastation this daylight revealed! Wreckage on every side, wreckage and death. A battle-field has its dread story to tell; but a city suddenly stricken as this was is a more pathetic spectacle. When men fight men the strong are killed alone, for all are strong; but here it was the weak who suffered most severely, it was the women and children who died in the greatest number. They could not reach places of security for lack of strength, and the brave and willing men were powerless to help them. Those pinned down by solid wreckage lay where they had fallen, those drowned while fleeing for safety were carried out by the ebbing waters, while the fallen houses each held the secret of those who had been crushed in the downfall. A more pathetically wretched condition never met the eyes of men.

As the day got older, however, there was other work than grieving. There was no drinking water in the town, and the uninjured food-supply was short, while communication was cut off from the world that was willing to help. But above all was the necessity to get rid of the dead, which in so hot a climate began quickly to decay. In very many, indeed in most, instances the dead could not be recognized, and therefore could not be claimed by the relatives. The bodies were buried in trenches, and boat-loads were taken to deep water and there sunk, yielding up to the sea the victims it had come ashore to claim.

But the vicious in the community, many of them negroes, were as diligent in evil work as the rescuers were in good. Hundreds robbed the dead bodies of what valuables they could find, even cutting off fingers and ears to get finger-rings and ear-rings. The few United States soldiers stationed in Galveston were called upon to do police duty, and State militiamen were sent to help as soon as possible. Every man caught robbing the dead was shot, and some twenty-five more were tried by drum-head court-martial and shot immediately. The summary execution of these wretches put an end to this phase of the awful situation.

If the dead in Galveston and thereabout number four thousand, then one in every ten of the population was killed; if four thousand were killed, then twenty thousand must have been wounded or more or less bruised. Under such conditions Galveston needs the immediate help of the rest of the country. She did not ask it. She did not need to do so. Before the flood-visited town was again in communication with the outside world trains were steaming south, even from far-away New York, with doctors and nurses and supplies. In every city in the country committees were at work raising means to help those who had encountered this awful disaster. And the response has been as generous as timely.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

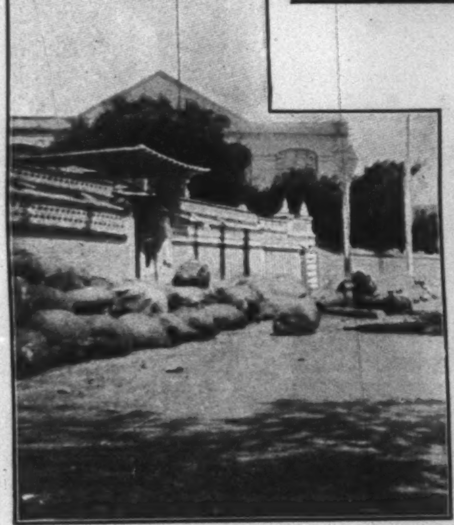


THE BUSY WHARVES OF GALVESTON BEFORE THEIR DESTRUCTION BY THE HURRICANE OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

A BAGGAGE-TRAIN.

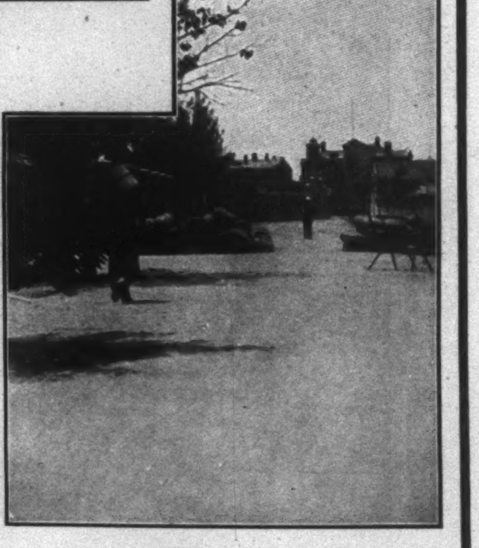
UNLOADING SUPPLIES ON THE SHORE.

A BRITISH CAMP-KITCHEN.



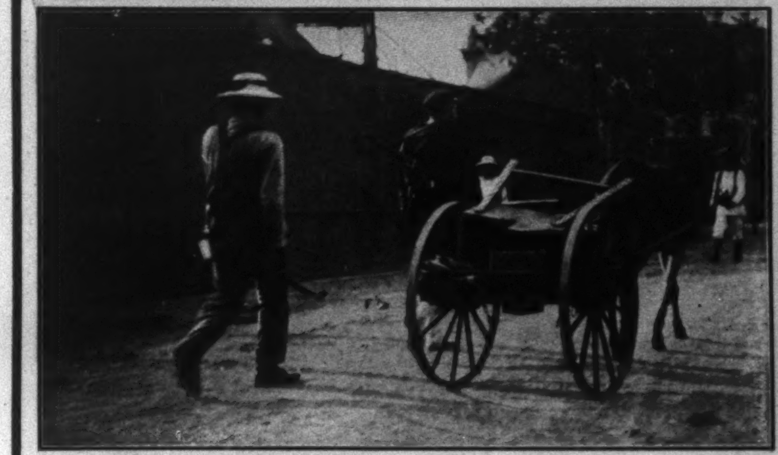
BARRICADES OF WOOL AND SUGAR.

A PATHAN AMMUNITION-TRAIN.

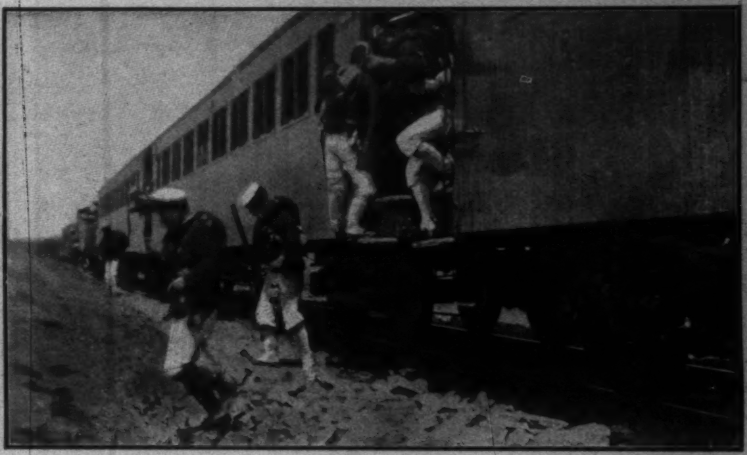


STREET BARRICADES.

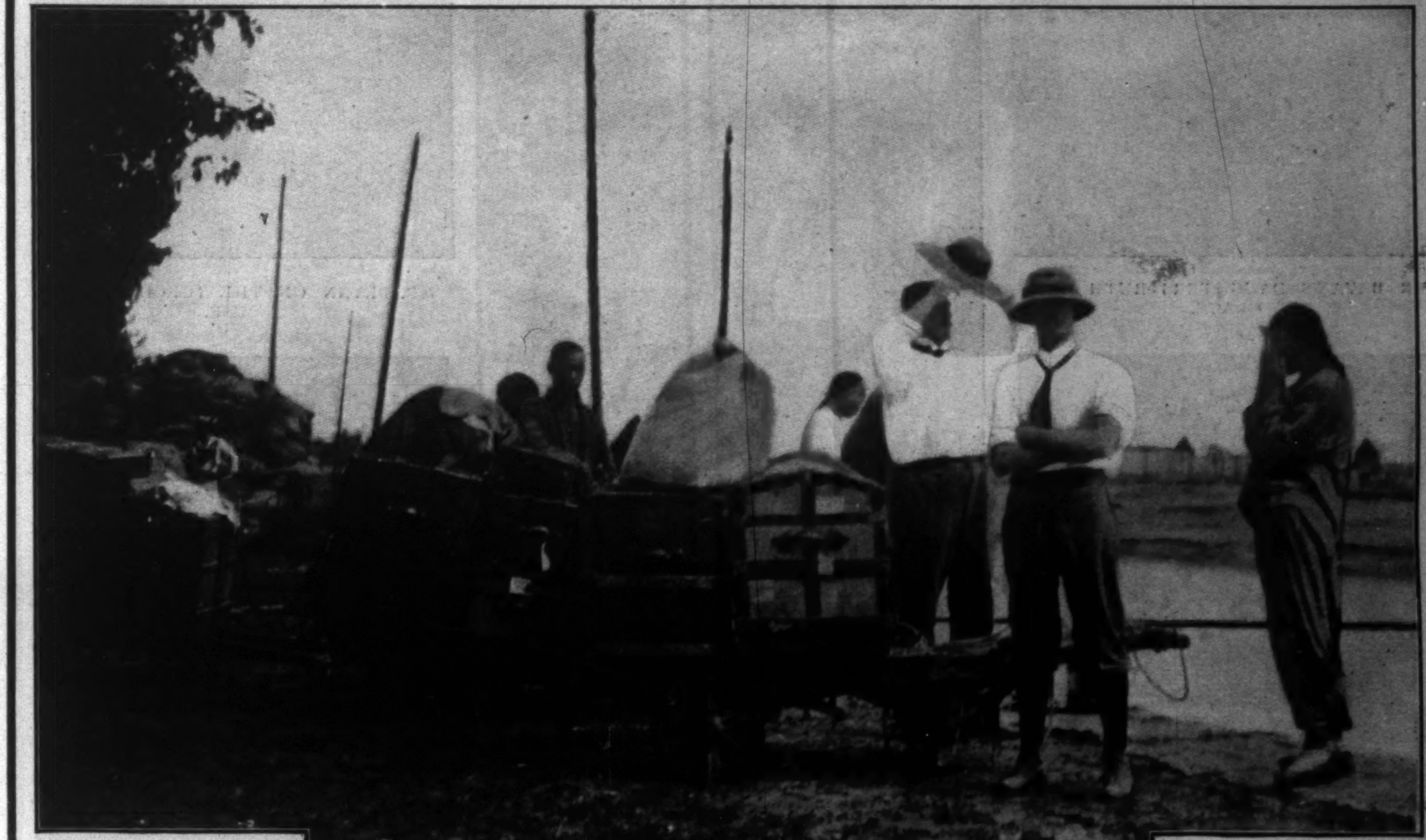
TIENTSIN AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE ALLIED FORCES.



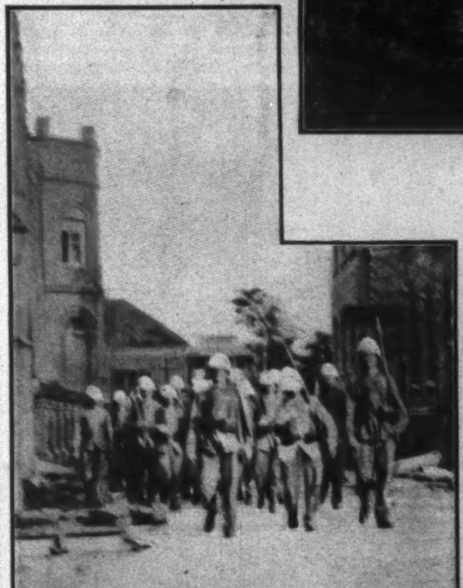
A FRENCH DONKEY-CART.



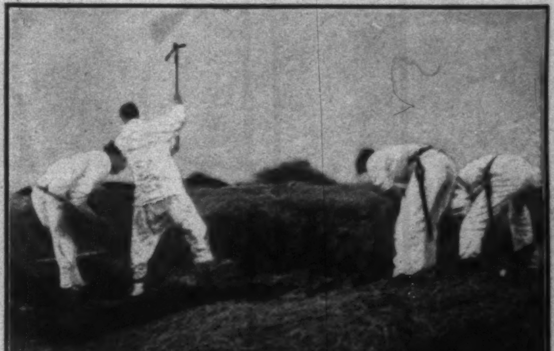
A TRAIN-LOAD OF JAPANESE.



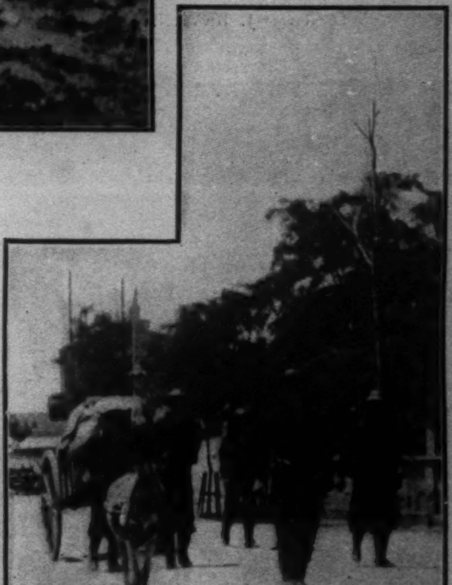
REFUGEES FROM THE INTERIOR.



A FRENCH PATROL.



DIGGING TRENCHES.

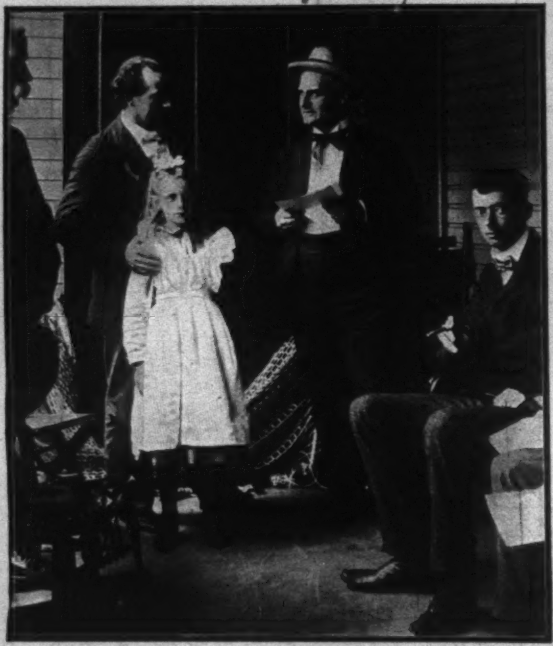


A BRITISH BAGGAGE-CART.

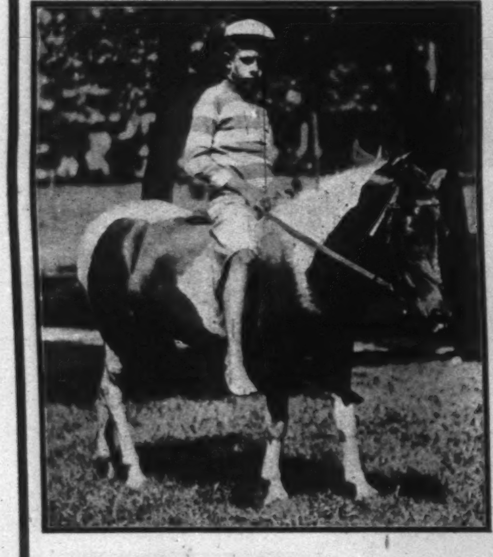
TIENTSIN AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE ALLIED FORCES.

MR. BRYAN'S DAUGHTERS RUTH AND GRACE.

MR. BRYAN ON THE PORCH OF HIS HOUSE.



MR. BRYAN AND HIS FORMER LAW PARTNER, SENATOR TALBOT.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, JR.

MRS. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

MR. BRYAN ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE "GOVERNOR," THE GIFT OF GOVERNOR STONE OF MISSOURI.

MR. BRYAN AT HOME.

THE NATIVE CITY, CANTON—THE TALL BUILDINGS ARE PAWN-SHOPS.

A STREET IN THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT, CANTON.

LIFE ON THE CHINA COAST.

By George Palmer Dyer, U.S.N.

IF the lack of news in the United States concerning the present crisis in China is in any way as complete as to the anxious inquirers in Hong-kong, the greatest barbarities known for a century may be in course of perpetration, and a situation more full of the gravest possibilities of international war in course of development than any since the Franco-Prussian war. It is impossible to get any authentic news here of the happenings in the north, for very obvious, though none the less exasperating, reasons. The foreign communities along the coast and up the more important rivers are nothing more than picket posts to the vast army of the population of China. They are of too little business importance yet to justify the laying of foreign cables, to replace the notorious service of the Chinese telegraphs, and too small to support newspapers strong enough to send special correspondents to the scene of excitement and charter steamers to carry the news. The wires under Chinese control from Chefoo to Shanghai, passing through Shantung province, the original seat of turbulence, are constantly down, or blocked with government messages, so that no meagre account, even of the day-to-day occurrences with the allied forces, is possible. So our news is made up of such items as, "The Japanese consul-general has supplied us with the following information," or, "We learn that the Tao-tai (district governor) Sheng has received a message of the following import," or, "By courtesy of Mr. Jones, of the firm of Smith, Brown, & Co., we are able to print the following item received from his correspondents at Chefoo."

Just now all eyes are fixed on northern China, in view of the events of overwhelming interest and anxiety that are taking place, but unless I am much mistaken it will prove that these events, whose issue will doubtless be known long before this can reach the press, will cause general attention to be attracted to the state of other parts of China as well, as possible seats of war or objects of gain. It shall be the business of these occasional letters to tell of the situation of the southern provinces of this tremendous empire as it appears from the only readily accessible portion of them at present, the ports along the coast. If this involves more or less description of the homes and life of foreigners like those whose fates are now causing so much apprehension, the people who dare to make islets of White in the sea of Yellow, no harm will be done, for it is all very different from anything we know at home.

It is a strange life, the life of the China coast. From Hong-kong to Shanghai, for instance, at distances of a night's run by steamer, lie foreign communities shut in on their tiny concessions by innumerable Chinamen. Without railroad communication with the outer world, without local papers, theatres, concerts, or much that makes a city as we know it amusing, they lead a life whose luxurious accompaniments make them content to lose the pleasures of the home-land. They live in tremendous houses put in spacious gardens, on airy heights or in smiling valleys, with perfect service always ministering to them. There are boat coolies to take them alongside the ship just in, for the latest news and a drink with the captain, chair coolies to swing the chair along the green paths, gardeners to look out for the grounds, the house-boy to act as steward, cooks, and the personal boy to relieve them of all the cares of wardrobe. And all these things cost amounts ridiculously low to American ideas.

Business hours in these little towns are of the usual length, but not of the usual activity. Mail-day, the day for closing the European and American mails, is one of feverish haste. But other days are not full, and there is always time—in the intervals of bargaining in "pidgin" with the long-robed, long-pigtailed Chinese merchants—who come in from the native city to talk over the situation, to mix a cocktail, or to dawdle over "tiffin." In the afternoon there is tennis usually, or golf at the race-course, where at dusk, if the community is small enough, the ladies take turns serving tea at tables put out on the grass. Then it is time to be carried back to the house for a dowse in the big tiled bath-room, and to dress for the late dinner. When a resident is not giving a dinner he is dining out. It is the universal evening amusement of the China coast. The problem is a very simple one, where everything is cheap, and it is necessary only to tell the house-boy that there will be so many at table, and dismiss the matter from mind. After dinner, served cleanly, quickly, and quietly, the club becomes useful. In the reading-room, on the veranda, at the bar, or in the billiard-room, in many languages, one hears the chaff and the news of the day. The life is narrow and intimate, and so one hears as general comment on Südholms capsizing his canoe that afternoon, or on McKensie's cargo in the *Hai Mun*, as on the war in the Transvaal.

This general description does for Canton as well as for others. It is eighty-odd miles up the Pearl River from Hong-kong, with two steamers a day between them. But it has the same characteristics of isolation in the midst of teeming life. Shameen is the island on which most of the foreigners live, and hardly a prettier place could be imagined. It is small, not more than half a mile long by an eighth of a mile wide, but its circling wall of solid masonry, its splendid houses, its broad avenues and majestic trees, do not need the background of crowded brown roofs to make it seem lovely. At one time Shameen was a mud flat, but when the Canton trade was at its greatest and richest it was walled in by the English and French and a canal cut between it and the native city. It is that canal which might be now its greatest protection.

At the present time Li Hung-Chang is the Viceroy of the two provinces, Kwangtung and Kwangsi. Although so old that he is unable to walk unassisted, he has still shown himself here to be the Grand Old Man of China, as he has been called. In much less than a year he has made these turbulent provinces almost the quietest. The country about Canton and the Pearl River has been noted for its bad characters. He has diminished the number by decapitation and strangulation at the rate of about five hundred a month. It is said that recently he received an order from the throne to liberate all prisoners waiting trial, and that he obeyed, but caught them again as they were set free, and in different parts of the city executed one hundred and twenty-seven in one day. The passengers on the evening boat to Hong-kong were in full view of the execution of a lot of twenty or thirty in a vacant space near by.

Only the other day a brute, who had killed his father and mother and sold his wife and sister, was executed by the "ling chee" or "death by the thousand cuts," the first instance of the infliction of this penalty for a long time. The title is figurative, since thirty-six cuts are actually enough to dismember the victim, the eighteenth being the fatal one. A witness who had climbed over a block of roofs and waited in hiding four hours to see the execution, told me the criminal was tied to an upright cross, the first two cuts letting the flesh of the forehead drop over the eyes, the third taking off an ear, the fourth a breast, and so on till the sight was unbearable even to a callous man.

By such means and by really just and progressive measures like the coining of copper cents as a major coin for "cash," Li Hung-Chang has obtained comparative quiet in his provinces. His presence as Viceroy at this time is regarded as extremely fortunate, for the settlement at Shameen has always held out exaggerated visions of loot to the Cantonese, and it is thought that another might not have prevented an attack when the news of Boxer successes was published.

In spite, however, of the absence of signs of danger and the presence of two gunboats, American and British, many of the residents have been uneasy, and with justice, if any outbreak at all is to be feared. Under present conditions, the island could be overcome by Chinese in five minutes, and the gunboats do no more than save those who escaped before the mob. The canal between the native city and the island is blocked with boats, a few of the thousands carrying Canton's water population. These boats would form excellent cover and bridges for an attacking mob. For precaution this canal should be cleared and a constant patrol established to watch it and the bridges across it..

But I do not fear any danger from Canton—at least as long as Li Hung-Chang is there. So long as the Viceroy does not secretly favor turbulence, and Li will not, there will be none of it. It would require governmental countenance to permit the outlaw faction to make head against the influence of the merchants who deal with the foreigners, who see their power, and realize the personal loss in business ways a useless attempt to expel them would mean.

There is no centre around which such a movement could grow. The I Ho Chuan (righteous-harmony-fists), or Boxers, is a northern society, originating in Shantung province about a year ago, and developing from an anti-Catholic into an anti-Christian, and finally, as all such societies in China must do, into an anti-foreign organization. It has gained no strength as far south as this, if, indeed, it has spread so far, and though there are societies in the south like the "Triad" and others, they apparently have not the element of fanaticism, the spirit-invoking, death-averting beliefs, that make the Boxers dangerous.

It is constantly rumored that Li Hung-Chang is leaving Canton for the north, but faith should not be put in such reports just now.[*] That he will go later, that he is one of the few men if not the only one who can save his country, when the time comes for negotiations, there cannot be the least doubt. Though it is not generally known, I have it on the authority of the Canton consul, the time was, before the Boxer outbreak had assumed such serious proportions, when the United States almost achieved the signal diplomatic scoop of carrying the Viceroy off under the very noses of the other powers, to Taku, in the flag-ship *Brooklyn*. For some reason or other, the plan failed. My idea is, the old diplomat was too wise then, as he is now, to go north while the disturbance might be beyond his control, and find himself expected by the powers, and appealed to by the throne, to restore order, when it might be impossible to do so. He will not put himself in a position where the blame or part of the blame, for atrocities past and to come, may be dexterously shifted to his shoulders. Imperial decrees cannot move him, for that has been tried, and he has promptly produced petitions signed by all the influential men of the two kwangs to the effect that his departure would be followed by an immediate uprising; therefore he was most sorry he found it necessary to remain.

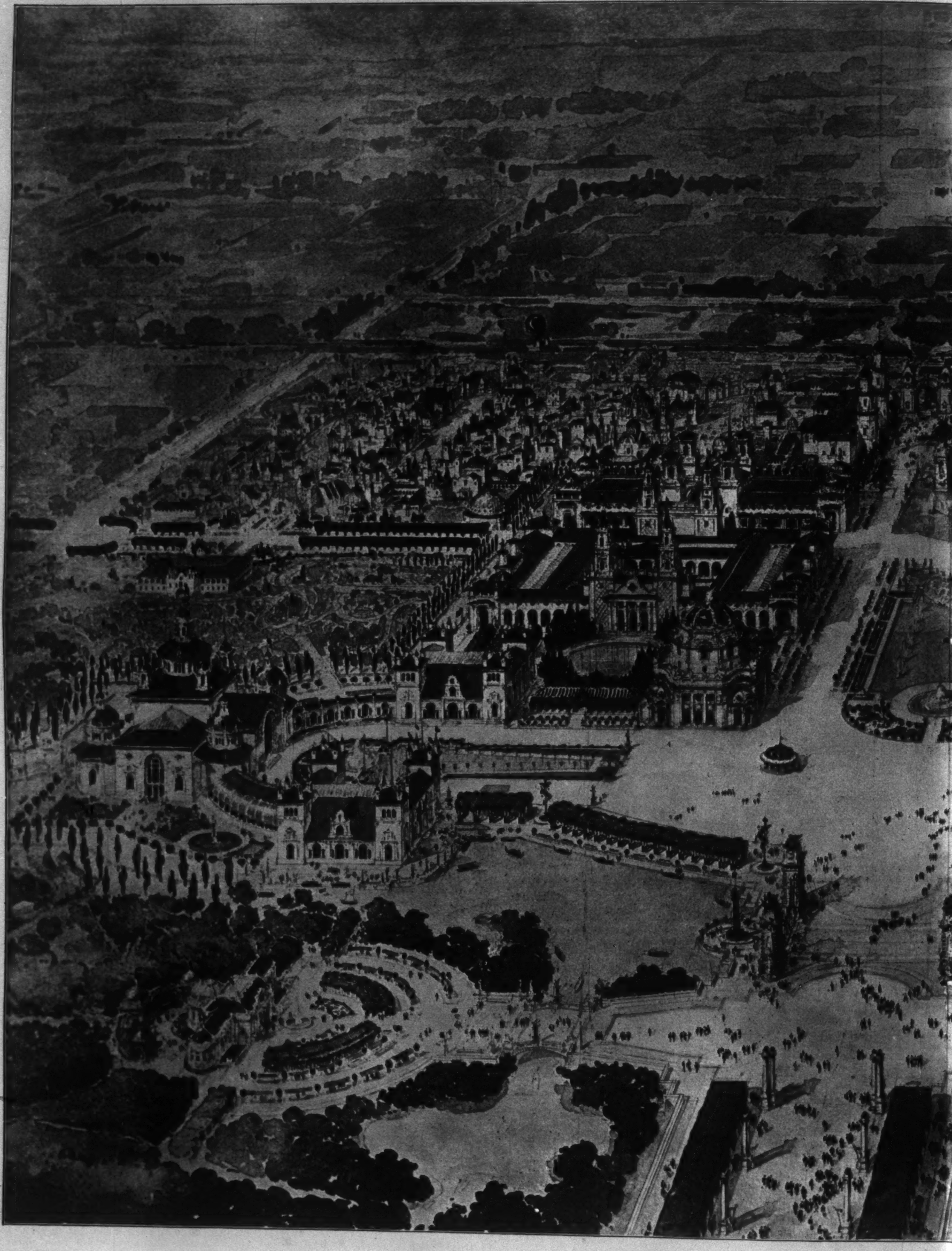
He will wait here until he thinks the proper moment has come, when the outbreak is spent or crushed, or the wild dream of expelling the foreigners brightens to a hope—for like every Chinaman below him, he would like to see the last of the aliens—and then he will appear from his retirement to win the best terms possible for himself and China. When that time comes the critical time at Canton will be past.

If he should leave, however, serious things might happen there. His successor and the Tartar general, the military official of the provinces, both Manchus, might let their sympathy and their advisers betray them into countenancing the acts of the bad characters that are always ready to rise under a weak ruler. Christian natives, then missionaries at outlying posts, would be murdered, and the flame of hatred once fanned, no one could predict the end. A wholesale massacre like that at Peking, if the terrible report be true, would be hardly possible unless there were no provision made to guard against a night attack. The island might be besieged for a few days, but with the assistance of the gunboats and the antagonists of the towns-people, the river-folk, who would furnish food if paid enough, the place could hold out for the time necessary for a relieving force from Hong-kong to take the forts on the river and pass the barriers.

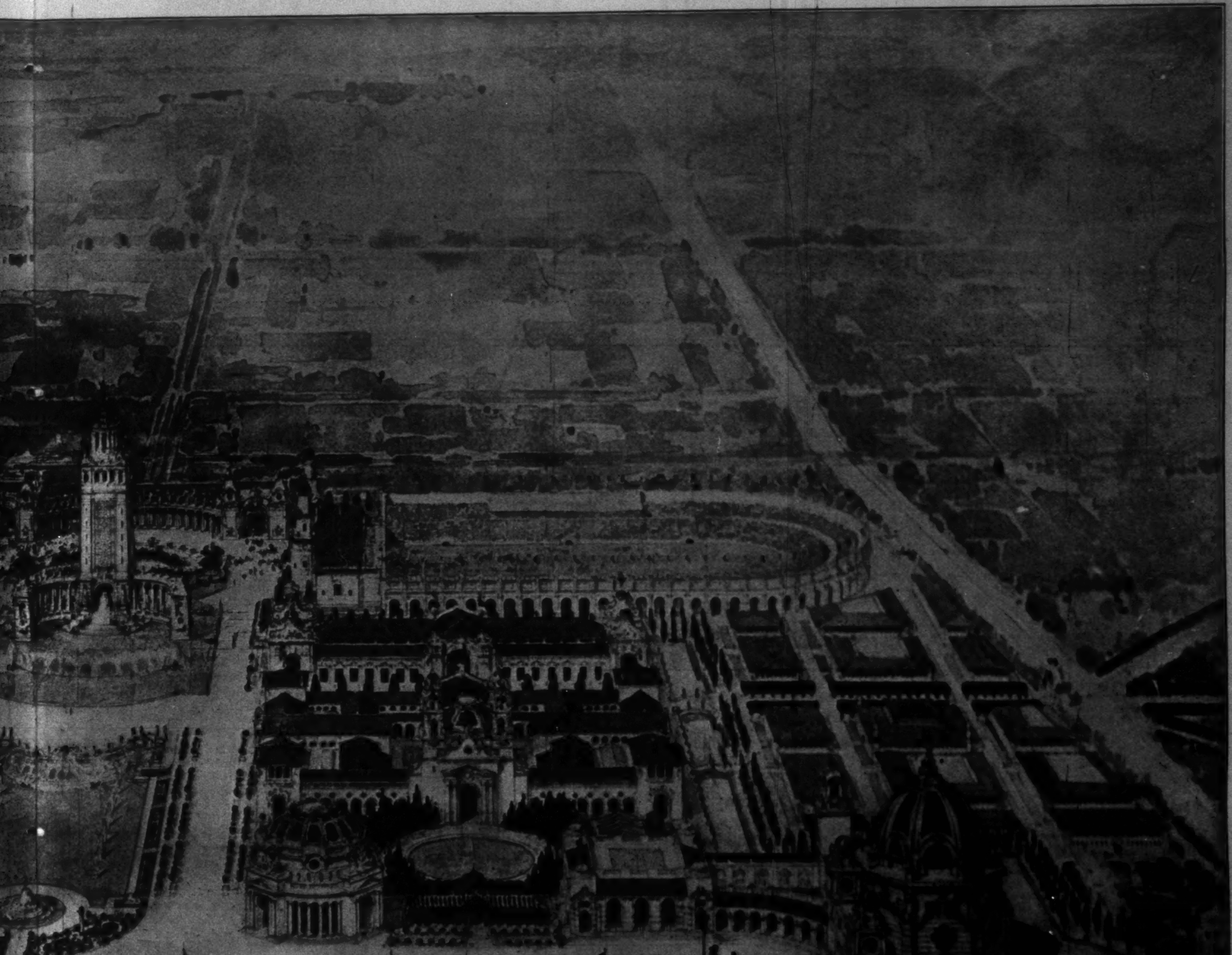
These forts are modern, with modern guns, which could resist any but a large attacking force if well served; but they would not be stoutly served. The rottenness of the Chinese official system, the system by which an officer pockets the pay of nine-tenths the soldiers he is supposed to keep, and calls in coolies to put on the idle uniforms when the inspecting officer appears, would show its effect here as elsewhere. I have passed the forts when not even a sentry was to be seen. The barriers, too, would be formidable if well guarded. They consist of lines of piles with connecting chains, blocking the river except for a narrow channel, which might be easily closed. In one case the piles are steel with heavy steel braces, all brought from Germany, making an obstruction that would be impossible to pass, except after many hours' work, under the guns of neighboring forts. These barriers, therefore, would make it necessary to take the forts or completely silence them in order to get up the river.

July 17, 1900.

[*] Since this letter was written Li Hung-Chang has gone to Shanghai, where he still remains.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION,



Drawing furnished by courtesy of Messrs. Carrere & Hastings, Architects.

ON, BUFFALO, NEW YORK, AS IT WILL APPEAR IN 1901

RICHMOND PIKE, NEAR CINCINNATI.

AN INDIANA GRAVEL ROAD.

A NEW JERSEY ROAD.

A REMEDY FOR BAD ROADS.

By Daniel B. Luten

IF our district schools were operated similarly to our roads, each resident of the district might be called upon in turn to serve time as teacher; at the farmers' institutes, called to discuss methods of general interest to the farmer, the programme would include a paper on "How to Improve Our Schools"; and the speaker would perhaps advocate longer school hours, the commencing of school attendance at an earlier age, and improved text-books. Then would follow a discussion, open to all, in which one would advocate the teaching of arithmetic as an essential preliminary to other branches, another would favor better ventilation of school buildings, and another would make an appeal for the old-time spelling-match, each one probably believing that he had the key to the remedy for poor schools.

Fortunately our schools are above such discussion; but our roads are not. It is by no means unusual to hear speakers at farmers' institutes and elsewhere, in discussing the road question, advocate under-drainage, and steam road-rollers, and stone roads, and steel roads, and combined roads of stone and earth, and State aid for road-building, and superintendence by county surveyors, and many other things that would better be discussed by road experts and before road experts only; and the entire discussion is to a large extent useless and ineffective, because the road system lacks a ready means, such as the school system provides in the teacher, of putting reforms into application. If the present road system is to be continued, then perhaps the scattering broadcast of instruction regarding road improvement is desirable; but if the system were properly reformed, there would be no more reason for men interested in agriculture devoting their time to the study of road details than to the science of pedagogics.

Our road system lacks the man through whom alone reforms can be properly applied; it lacks the man that should be to the road what the teacher is to the district school, a constant expert attendant. That local experts are needed will be admitted by all who have listened to the discussions at good-roads meetings. Farmers cannot agree as to methods of improvement; no more can engineers; and between the methods proposed by farmers and those proposed by engineers still greater differences exist. There is a reason for this, in that most of the problems involved are dependent upon local conditions, and cannot be prescribed for in a general way. Stone roads may be suited to the wealth and development of the Eastern States, but earth and gravel roads will for years to come continue to be the roads of the Middle West. It is absurd to attribute this latter condition to lack of knowledge of stone roads; every small city of the Central States has good samples of broken-stone roads. The problem depends upon local conditions, and the solution must be left to the hands of a local expert.

This has the additional advantage of cheapness, for the local road expert would not need to be a trained engineer, but would better be a man who has had the actual experience of maintaining a section of road in that locality. One year's experience by a day-laborer, in constantly attending a section of ten or twenty miles of road, would make of that laborer an expert better able to cope with the particular problems of that section than county commissioners, or path-masters, or engineers with no better experience than the superintending of a "once-a-year" repair.

The results obtained by section-hands on railroads may be cited as proof of what might be accomplished for our roads by constant expert attendants. What our roads most need is constant attention, not repairs at rare intervals, not piling the centre high with road-metal once a year, not grading down hills and filling valleys, but a little material here and there wherever needed and whenever needed. An ounce of prevention is worth pounds of cure in making road repairs.

Roads become bad when ruts are permitted to form, when the surface is softened by standing water, when chuck-holes appear, when dust results from excessive wear. Deterioration of road surfaces may be delayed, but cannot be prevented, by the substitution of a heard-wearing surface, such as stone. No road surface is permanent. The hardest of road surfaces can be maintained only by proper care by a constant attendant. The most satisfactory remedy for bad roads is the combination of harder surface and constant attention, but it is too expensive a system to be adopted except after years of education and agitation.

Farmers object, and with justice, to stone roads costing upwards of five thousand dollars per mile; the farmers of nearly every State in the Union oppose State aid because of the fear they have that the extravagance of expensive stone-road engineers, who build well, and then fail to maintain, may be saddled upon them. On the other hand, the idea of a constant attendant appeals to the farmers as a rational method of evolution towards a better system of roads, at the same time that it trains experts to care for them.

In order to secure satisfactory and economical improvement of our country roads, therefore, the writer would advocate a system by which the roads should be divided into sections of from ten to twenty miles in length, and a man employed for each section, to devote his entire time and attention to the improvement of that section. The attendant should provide team and wagon whenever needed; he would require no assistants; he should be held to strict attention to duty and to a strict observance of hours, whether in wet weather or dry.

PUBLIC SQUARE, RUSHVILLE, ILLINOIS.

A WISCONSIN CORDUROY ROAD.

Ruts would be eradicated by filling with harder material; the surface could be smoothed by scraping with a wagon-tire drag if no better tool were available. Chuck-holes would be filled with broken stone, or with gravel, or with clay and sand, or with the best quality of material available. Maintaining a smooth surface for the escape of water is all that is necessary to prevent softening of the road surface, even with earth roads; keeping the road carefully crowned, smooth, and free from ruts is more effective in disposing of "the greatest enemy of good roads" than the most elaborate system of foundations and under-drainage, but the necessary smoothness can be attained only by continual watchfulness. Excessive dustiness could be allayed by an occasional sprinkling, but the distribution of traffic, made possible by the smooth surface, would decrease the wear and also the necessity for sprinkling. The attendant would find time for planning a systematic method of beautifying the roads of his section. The side ditches should be cleaned; the roadway should be cleared of weeds, which too often are able to appropriate the road-side as their highway for dissemination; shade trees might be planted at the sides, and if kept well trimmed in the lower branches to allow the wind access to the road surface, would shade the road, allaying dustiness, without causing excessive dampness.

It is such a system as this that obtains in France and Germany. Casual observers of the roads in those countries attribute their excellence to the use of stone as a road material. This does not represent one-third of the truth; the fundamental principle of the system, without which every kind of road surface must in the end be a failure, and provided with which the worst of road surfaces will become passable, is constant attendance. That principle is developed to the greatest perfection on French roads, the best in the world.

The expense of constant attendance on our country roads could be decreased to a minimum by decreasing the number of miles in a section, admitting, of course, that the benefits would be correspondingly decreased. There can thus be no argument against its adoption on the ground of expense by the poorest communities. By allotting sections of from ten to twenty miles to each attendant, the expense per mile would not be greater than under the present system. It is remarkable what a small amount of material is required for repairs if those repairs be made promptly, and still more remarkable what a great amount is required when repairs are made but once a year. The larger part of the cost of road materials is labor in preparing, transporting, handling, and placing. Labor can be far more economically purchased by employing one man for a long period of time than by employing many men for a shorter period. The most of the attention needed by a road does not require team labor, and it is this kind of attention that is most neglected under the present system, until at the end of the year it requires a great deal of expensive team-work to make it good.

The constant-attendant system of maintenance applied to our present roads would in time develop them into a system of hard roads that could be most economically administered by engineering superintendence. For the present, however, there is no good reason why the officers who at the present time superintend road affairs in county or township would not prove satisfactory as superintendents of the road attendants. The reason that these officers are frequently a failure under the present system is because they are called upon to fill a position requiring expert knowledge that they do not possess: to superintend experts and to see that they devote full time to their duties is a more simple matter, and a line in which every farmer who employs hired hands has had experience. The superintendents would, moreover, have the assistance of every resident of the section, for the property-owners would now be the employers of the road attendant, instead of being the road-workers. It would be to the interest of every one to report defects to the road attendant, who would apply the remedy without the delays that are fatal to road surfaces.

The system thus outlined is essentially a system of maintenance, but when applied to inferior roads, it becomes also a system of construction by gradual improvements, the safest and most economical way. It gives training to local experts at the same time that it secures to the road what the road most needs—continual repairs with the best available material. It reduces the number of votes commanded by the patronage of county and township officers. It places the responsibility for the condition of the roads upon one responsible person. It possesses what the present system lacks—tangibility. It provides a means for beautifying the roadway. And it makes possible a gradual healthy growth towards a better system of hard roads, with greater ability to care for them, and a growing realization of their value by the general public.

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

CHAPTER I

AT VINCENT'S GALLERY

SHE had turned at the last moment, as though moved by a sudden impulse, and her eyes seemed to be looking straight into mine. So near she stood that a fold of her gown had almost grazed my hand; a step would have put me at her side. And then the crowd surged in between us. I tried to press forward, but she was gone. Gone! I cursed my stupidity, as I stood gazing blankly into space.

"Pardon me, young man, but that is my foot."

"My foot, I say," repeated the stout gentleman, with increasing acerbity of manner. "I'm the only person who's entitled to stand on it, and so at your earliest convenience—"

I stammered out some kind of an apology, and sank back into my chair. People were looking at me with curious attention, and I felt hot and embarrassed. The lecturer took up his parable again.

"Finally, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present to your notice a characteristic scene of old Spain—the bull-ring at Seville." A bell tinkled, and the crowded amphitheatre of the Plaza de Toros flashed out upon the illuminated screen.

Well, I had made a fool of myself; no question about that. To lose my head over the apparition of a girl's face in a cinematograph picture! Could anything be more absurd?

The performance was over now, and the spectators were filing out, but I sat with my eyes fixed fast upon my programme. I was sure that people were still looking at me; there was a buzz of voices behind my back, and then somebody laughed outright. It was intolerable, and I determined to keep my seat until the music began for the second performance, and then make an unobtrusive exit.

Vincent's Gallery is an institution in the best sense of that overworked word. Its realistic wax-works are famous everywhere, and the moral tone of its concert-hall is unexceptionable. Respectable people can go freely to Vincent's, or send their children there, without feeling obliged to take a precautionary glance over the programme. It is always all that it should be, and that means something nowadays, as we know. Incidentally, it is an enormously profitable affair, which goes to show that Virtue, as well as Vice, will pay high for what it wants.

It was a dozen years since I had been within the walls of Vincent's, but I had an hour to spare this evening, and the gallery was right on my way to the train. It would be amusing to renew my boyish acquaintance with those beautiful kings and emperors, and to taste again the shuddery delights of the Chamber of Horrors. So I paid my fifty cents and went in.

The Hungarian band in the concert-hall has been re-enforced by a new attraction—the cinematograph. Three performances a night, with an entire change of bill every two weeks, is the attractive wording of the bill-board out upon the street, and, to tell the truth, it was a desire to see the cinematograph that had taken me into St. Vincent's. So I took care to be on hand in the concert-hall when the time came for the cinematograph to exploit itself.

It was all most interesting, and I heartily enjoyed the splendid realism of Niagara and of the Empire State Express. A dozen ordinary and made-up pictures followed, and then came the scene that in an instant had served to divert the current of my life into new and unfamiliar channels.

The picture was not particularly remarkable in itself. There was the title on the programme: "On the Pier at Dover. Departure of the Calais Mail-Packet." It was only interesting because it was a scene from real life, full of action and bustle. The picture showed the pier with the packet in the background. Steam was issuing from the escape-pipes, and sailing-time was evidently near at hand. Passengers and porters were jostling each other; fruit-venders and newsboys hawked their wares so realistically that one could almost hear their cries. And then into this scene of hurry and confusion she came, and all else was blotted out.

A slight figure in travelling-dress and storm-coat. I did not even notice her at first; indeed, my attention had already begun to flag, and the thought of train-time had occurred to me; I half rose from my chair. Well, was it some subtle pressure from Fate's controlling hand or mere blind chance that she stopped and looked back? Call it what you will, she had felt and yielded to the impulse, and in that moment the warp and woof had been set and the shuttle had begun to move.

By this time I had forgotten my recent humiliation; and as for trains, there were plenty of later ones. The same pictures would be shown again after the band had played a couple of numbers, and I waited impatiently for the closing chords. There! that was done with at last! Now for the people to get into their seats; the hall was being darkened, the lecturer was at his post.

The same scene of rush and confusion, but I was looking at it now with different eyes; I was waiting for some one to come. In the mean time I noticed some details that had before escaped me. A man on the extreme right was pasting upon a bulletin-board the announcement of what was evidently a newspaper extra. I could read the words in big type at the top of the sheet, "Cambridge wins!"

Deep in the swirl of the crowd my eye fell upon another figure, and I noticed how his look shifted here and there as he stood motionless at the cabin gangway. Was he, too, waiting for some one? A fine soldierly figure and a pleasant face, albeit somewhat disfigured by an unusually aggressive "Pompadour." I will remember that face.

There was a little movement in the crowd, and she had come again. I watched her make her way to the centre of the pier, and I now saw that she was accompanied by two men, the one elderly, the other his junior by thirty years or more. The party had now advanced to a point directly opposite the gangway, and for the moment an incredible misgiving oppressed my mind. Perhaps this time she would not look back; idiot that I was, I hardly dared to breathe. Fortunately the laws of physics are immutable, and I had distressed myself unnecessarily—there!

Again it was but that fleeting glance, but I knew that I should not forget. The elderly man had tapped her upon the shoulder, and now she was following him up the gang-plank. The younger man lingered behind for a moment or two; I was dimly conscious that he was talking with the man of the Pompadour hair. Then he too boarded the steamer, and the three disappeared through the door leading to the saloon. Half a dozen more clicks of the machinery and the light went out; the picture had run its course.

There was to be still a third and final exhibition of the cinematograph, and I need hardly say that I was again among the spectators. I kept my eyes fixed hard upon "Monsieur Pompadour," as I had mentally christened him, for I had an odd sort of feeling that this time something was to happen, and that I must not miss it.

The panorama passed as before; but this time I took a long look at the elderly man and his young companion. The old gentleman I put down as the young woman's father, or at least a near relative. I noticed that he carried a tin despatch-box, and there was something wrong with the lock. He stopped and tried to force the hasp into place, but it would not catch. I could see that the younger man, attired, by-the-way, in a magnificent coat of Russian sables, was standing at the elderly man's side; apparently he was offering his assistance in the subduing of the refractory lock.

Well, what was it that happened so quickly? Some movement, so rapidly executed as to baffle even my concentrated attention, had passed between the two men. I could not be sure of anything, but it gave me the impression of the sleight of hand with which a skilful prestidigitator makes a pass at cards.

The picture was over, but the lecturer announced that for the amusement of the audience it would be shown again, and this time running backward through the machine. There was a flutter among the spectators, and everybody looked eagerly at this curious reversal of natural order.

At the last moment of the original scene a sailor had swung himself over the steamer's rail and dropped lightly to the pier below. I now saw him on the dock, half crouching as he had fallen, then rising swiftly through the air and vaulting backward to the steamer's deck. It was amusing, and the audience applauded.

The machinery clicked on, and now my two suspects, the young man in the fur coat and the watcher at the gangway, were holding their momentary conversation. And then I saw "Pompadour" take a small package from a breast pocket and slip it into "Fur Coat's" hand. Keep clearly in mind that all this was the reverse of what had actually happened.

Again the young man had edged up to where the old gentleman was fumbling with the lock of the despatch-box; now they were standing close together; I looked with all my eyes, and just then a peculiar thing happened.

The mechanism of the cinematograph was not working well—the recording-roll did not take kindly to the reversing process. The picture flickered wildly, halted for an instant, and then stopped altogether. And there, fixed in the very act, was my gentleman of the fur coat, his hand unmistakably concealed under the lid of the despatch-box. The camera, recording the scene at the rate of fifty photographs a second, had not been deceived, and now, by a fortuitous chance, it had been permitted to reveal what the human eye could never have seen or noted for itself.

The picture was hastily removed from the machine, and the exhibition proceeded. I left the gallery and made my way to a hotel, for I had now missed even the latest train, and must perforce spend the night in town. I went to bed at once, but not to sleep; my mind was obstinately busy with the problem just presented to it in so curious a fashion.

Again and again the picture seemed to unroll itself before my eyes, and that wistful face looked out at me from the flickering screen. Evil had been abroad; could it have concerned her? And then, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, I gave over the whole thing. Whatever had happened, it was no concern of mine, and never could be. Moreover, it was quite likely that the picture had been taken one, two, even three years back. The story, whatever it was, had been marked *finis* long ago. I was only making an idiot of myself; and all the clocks were striking three. I would compel myself to sleep; there were the sheep jumping over the fence—fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four—

CHAPTER II

THE "AGONY COLUMN"

WITH the general run of my acquaintances I am set down as a sober-sided individual, not exactly dull, but still one of the last to be invited when it is a question of lively company. Certainly, no one would suspect me of cherishing any hidden fires of romance in my mature breast, and, to tell the truth, I have lost most of my illusions. As for the rest, you have it in the fewest possible words:

Nicholas Cary, unmarried, assistant editor of the *New World* Review, and a club-man in a moderate way. I live in a suburban town for the sake of the golf, which is really very good, and, incidentally, I thereby avoid jury duty in the city. My editorial work through the day, as much of golf as I can work in during these long June afternoons, and a pipe and Balzac for the evening. Routine? Well, yes; but it is a pleasant one, and I am used to it.

I began sensibly enough, when I had a chance to think everything over in the clear light of day. I told myself decidedly that any further interest that I might choose to take in "Mademoiselle Incognita," "Fur Coat," and the others, must be purely analytic in its nature. Here was a problem to be solved, a question to be answered: was it worth my while to bother with them? The decision was not one that could be given off-hand, and I had to take the puzzle with me to the office, where it continued to obtrude its absurd claims for an undivided hearing upon my harassed inner consciousness. And it was "make-up" day, too! I finally decided that I would stroll up to the gallery at five o'clock and have a talk with the voluble young man who acts as lecturer. Perhaps I may take another look at the picture, perhaps not; it is impossible to determine upon everything so long in advance.

The young gentleman was most polite, but he could tell me very little. That particular picture of the Calais mail-packet? Yes, he knew it very well—an excellent example of the perfection of cinematographic work under the new process of manufacture.

What was the date of the original record? As to that he could not say. Perhaps the people in the London office might be willing to supply the information. Here was their address, if I wished to communicate with them: 31 Grace Court, Temple Avenue, E. C.

It was what I had expected. So I thanked the young man, and took a seat for the performance that was about to begin. There was a chance that I might have overlooked some detail, small in itself, and yet important in its bearing upon the mystery. And, first, as to the approximate date of the occurrence.

Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that there was nothing in the picture that could enable me to fix upon this first element of my working hypothesis; it was not even certain that the record had been made during the present year, 1899. The practical use of the cinematograph dated back half a dozen years, and the celluloid films could be made up at any time, and used for an indefinite period. Judging from the heavy clothing worn by the actors in the scene, the time of year was probably winter or early spring. But the Channel trip is usually an inclement one, and a fur coat might be comfortable enough so late as April, or even so early as October.

An inspiration! The *affiche* upon the newspaper bulletin-board? I could read the big black letters plainly, "Cambridge Wins!" and the announcement could refer only to the annual boat-race between the rival universities. I follow all sports with interest, and I now recollected that the Light Blue had indeed won in April of the present year. The exact date I could get easily enough from a newspaper-file. Moreover, if I were not mistaken, it was the only victory for the Cantabs in several years. If so, I had my first step.

Jones of the *Planet* is an old friend, and the files of the paper were entirely at my service. Eagerly I ran them down. Ah, here it was at last! I was right in my recollection of the event; Cambridge had beaten Oxford on March 25, in the comparatively slow time of twenty-one minutes and four seconds. At the bottom of the cable despatch was printed a summary of the annual race, running back to 1876. Oxford's unbroken string of victories had but just come to an end; Cambridge had won in 1899 for the first time since 1889.

This established the date beyond a question. It was absolutely certain, then, that the camera had made its interesting record upon the afternoon of March 25 of this present year, and of course the scene of the occurrence was already known to me. To-day was the 10th of June, or only ten weeks later, and it was quite possible that the drama at which I had been so strangely invited to assist was only just beginning.

Now it may not be possible to force one's way through solid brick and mortar, but over some walls it is possible to climb. Had I really seen everything that the picture had to show me? Now that I recalled the scene in minutest detail, a vague impression forced itself upon me that "Pompadour" had said something to my friend of the fur coat just as the latter left him to go aboard the steamer. I remembered that "Pompadour's" face had been turned full to the camera, and I had certainly noticed his lips moving.

It was perhaps unavoidable that on my way to the theatre I should have to pass by Vincent's, and with half an hour to spare there could be no harm in dropping in to satisfy myself about that crumb of conversation between my two suspects

With a keen sense of disappointment, I realized that a phonographic record would have been useless to me, even if one had been made. "Pompadour" had indeed said something to "Fur Coat" as the latter passed him, but the words had been spoken in a whisper; that was plain enough from the expression of their faces and the constraint of their attitudes. A dozen of Mr. Edison's machines might have been clicking away within a dozen feet, and not one of them would have caught a single word. The secret would have been safe had I in person been standing on Dover pier that gloomy March afternoon. Too bad! but I must give up the problem; it has become impossible.

"Nothing is impossible, since the first Napoleon was good enough to erase the word from the dictionaries."

It was Murchison who had answered my inaudible confession of checkmate; he must have entered the hall some time before and quietly slipped into the vacant chair.

I am very fond of Murchison, for he was a classmate of mine at college and a good fellow in every way. It was an odd sort of business into which he drifted after leaving "Old Nassau." He plays the organ at a deaf-and-dumb asylum — could anything be more ridiculous? But, then, he is an assistant master in the institution, and the organ-playing is merely incidental to the daily religious services.

Murchison takes an intense interest in his profession, which is quite as it should be, and he has become proficient in all its technical details. To the lay mind it seems incredible that these afflicted children can be taught to articulate intelligibly without ever having heard a spoken word. But the miracle is, in fact, accomplished, and the old deaf-and-dumb finger alphabet holds but a secondary place in the modern system. The deaf-mutes learn to articulate, mechanically, the inflections of the human voice, and they are also able to understand what another person is saying by reading the motions of the lips. It is this last that seems so wonderful to me; but Murchison declares that the "reading" is a small thing compared to the acquirement of the mechanically produced articulation. As he once remarked when we were discussing the subject: "Any one can pick up lip-reading; I find myself doing it constantly, even when talking with normally constituted persons like yourself. Where you, in earnest conversation with a friend, fix your attention upon his eyes, I look at his lips. It keeps me in practice."

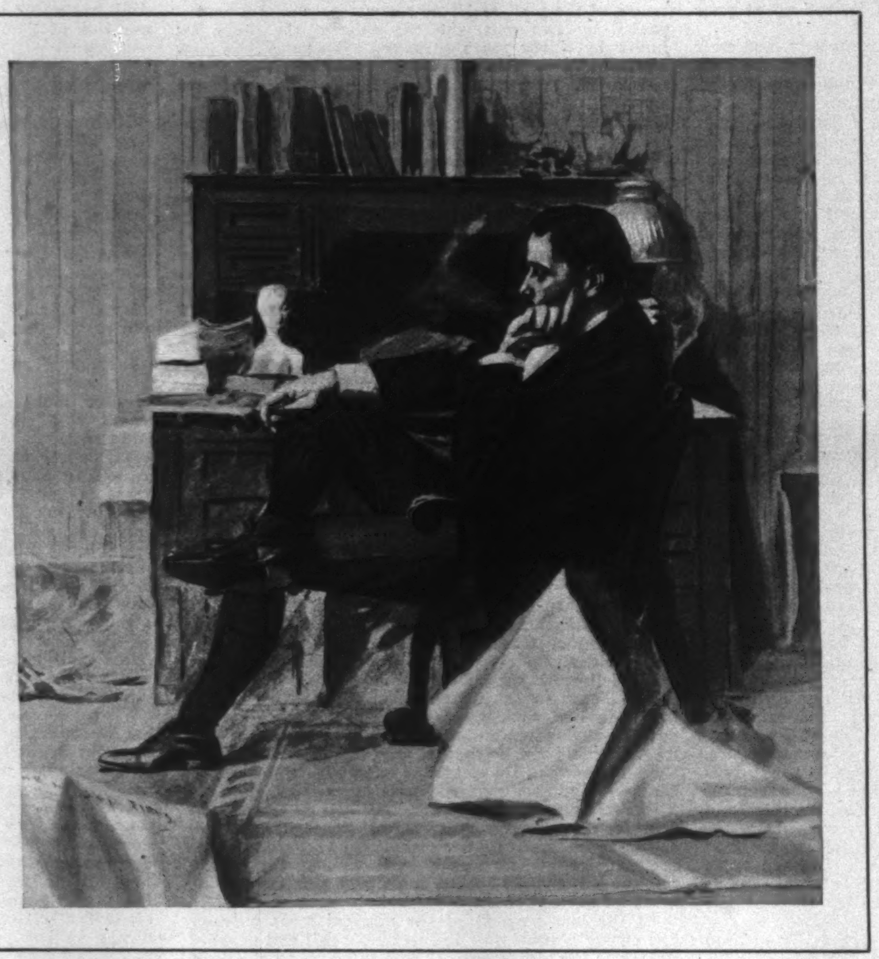
This little lecture of Murchison's comes to my mind as I turn to greet him. If lip-reading is really so easy, why should he not be able to interpret for me the whispered secrets of "Fur Coat" and "Pompadour"? I could put it to him as a test of skill, and without betraying my interest in the solution of the mystery.

I did put the problem to Murchison, and, as I had expected, he was immediately interested by the suggestion; it was a challenge to his professional skill.

And yet the experiment was an utter failure; Murchison was not able to distinguish a single syllable. He ascribed his non-success to the constant flickering of the picture. The clock-work mechanism of the cinematograph is far from perfect, and the pulsing light distorts and destroys the delicate continuity of action upon which everything depends.

And then I had another inspiration. Perhaps the film itself may show what is lost in the illuminated enlargement upon the screen. The people at Vincent's have come to look upon me as a regular patron of their establishment, and I found no difficulty in getting permission to inspect the celluloid roll that contained the scene on Dover pier.

Murchison and I examined the roll together, and found it to be a long strip of celluloid film containing some three thousand tiny photographs. The pictures were hardly half an inch square, and the prospect of getting anything definite was not encouraging.



"I HAD TO TAKE THE PUZZLE WITH ME TO THE OFFICE."

"I seem to get something," said Murchison, after several minutes of close study, "but it's rank gibberish, after all. Just listen: 'May—song—shone—ruder on'—what on earth can that mean? I'm not certain, either, that I have read all the symbols correctly—they certainly don't make sense. 'Song of May'—'May song,' or it may be something about a mason—I give it up."

"Hold on, Murchison. Just repeat the syllables as you read them, without trying to form them into words. Don't think of what they ought to mean—the sound itself is what I want. That's it—'May—songh—zhone'— Stop! 'Maison jaune,' or the yellow house. It isn't English at all, Murchison, it's French! No wonder that you couldn't make it out. 'The yellow house,' and the rest is easy enough, for your 'ruder on' plainly refers to its situation—Rue de Rennes. And the whole sentence is simply, '(The) yellow house (in) the Rue de Rennes.'"

Murchison received my compliments upon his skill with becoming modesty, but refused my invitation to share a Welsh rabbit over at the Studio. He had another engagement, and I was obliged to eat my supper alone. I therefore improved the opportunity by setting down in their order the results of my investigaions.

Imprimis: A crime has been committed upon March 25 of this present year (1899), the scene being the Dover pier of the mail route between England and France; and the principal actors, a well-dressed man of, say, five-and-twenty, and a middle-aged man of soldierly appearance, who wears his hair *à la Pompadour.* The victim is an elderly gentleman, and one-armed, the left being the missing member. The object taken from his despatch-box cannot be described, except to say that it is about the size of a lemon. The appointed rendezvous of the thieves is a house known as the "yellow one," and situated on the Rue de Rennes. The latter is a well-known street in Paris, and belongs to the *rive gauche*, if I remember correctly. And that is all.

Step by step and already the next one is before me. The waiter had offered me a copy of the *Herald* with which to amuse myself while my order was being filled. An item in the personal column caught my eye:

"A package of valuable papers—liberal reward—no questions asked."

Precisely! Here is the echo of an occurrence not unlike to the one in which I am interested. Why should not my old gentleman have advertised his loss? If he did, there is but one medium for him, the "Agony Column" of the London *Times.*

I pay for my supper without waiting to eat it, and in half an hour I am again at the *Planet* office. The files of the "Thunderer" are placed before me, and I begin my search. Half-way down the column in the issue of April 1 is the following:

"LOST: On Saturday the twenty-fifth ult., on the landing-stage at Dover, and just before the departure of the mail-boat, a small parcel enclosed in a chamois-leather bag. The finder is requested to communicate, in strict confidence, with Mr. Smith, Numéro dix-huit, Rue d'Alger, Paris."

CHAPTER III

THE TOSS OF A COIN

Thursday, June 14.—For two days I have been trying to put this wretched business out of mind, but it is impossible; the feeling grows stronger and stronger that I ought to do something. There is more than mere vulgar pocket-picking in this affair—of that I am certain—and as an honest man I cannot stand idly aloof. The innocent may be suffering through my silence. She—but there! my thoughts are always running back to the woman, and I had determined that my interest in the matter should be strictly impersonal. And yet, after all, the first link in the chain was that fleeting glance at a girl's face.

It is an idea—worth attempting, at any rate. If I could secure from Vincent's the celluloid film of that particular picture, I might forward it to "Mr. Smith" as evidence of good faith in my written story. He could draw his own conclusions, and I should have no further responsibility in the matter. And I should have done my duty. I will try it.

The people at Vincent's were most polite, but they absolutely declined to part with any of their cinematographic rolls. Perhaps they have a price, but it is evidently beyond the resources of my check-book, and of course I cannot give the true explanation of what must appear to be a preposterous whim. The manager, however, suggests that the London office of the company keep all the duplicate films in stock, and they may be willing to treat with me if assured that I was not a business rival.

Friday, June 15.—If I send a letter by the Saturday mail-steamer it will take fully three weeks for the answer to come back to me. Even assuming that the reply is favorable, and I secure the coveted film, it will mean a further delay of ten days before I can count upon its being delivered to "Mr. Smith" in Paris. It would be the latter part of July before I could look upon my duty as accomplished.

Well, I can make my disclosure in person by taking a flying trip across to London and Paris. I have been saving up my vacations now for a couple of years, and the chief will readily grant me leave of absence for four weeks. The *Etruria* sails tomorrow at ten o'clock. The passenger-list is probably full up, but I can squeeze in somewhere — there is always somebody who fails to claim his berth.

On the other hand, Murchison and I had been planning a golfing pilgrimage among the various Eastern clubs, and only this morning he had telephoned me that all the arrangements had been made and that I should meet him at the Grand Central Station on Monday morning in time for the ten-o'clock express. It would be too bad to disappoint him, and myself as well, and, really, I am under no sort of obligation to test this extremely doubtful hypothesis at the expense of my personal convenience and slender bank account. If I write to the Consolidated Amusement Company in London, and try to strike a bargain with them, I shall have done all that can be expected of me.

Fortified with this praiseworthy determination, I telegraph to Murchison that I will be on hand Monday, and apply myself with renewed energy to my work. And then, twenty minutes afterwards, I pull out my lucky half-dollar and study it attentively. It is simply impossible for me to attempt to settle such a question by the light of pure reason. Since it is all a matter of blind chance, let chance itself give the decision. Heads, London; tails, the Grand Central Station.

The coin spun in the air and fell—tails up. But in falling to the floor it had struck upon its edge in a crack; the toss was unfair, and should not count. Again it was tossed, and again tails showed up. Well, twice out of three times is the infallible test. Fortune must be permitted to show her mind unmistakably.

Once more, then, and for the third time it is tails. It is a pure waste of time to coquette longer with Fate; the jade is plainly out of sorts and not amenable to reason.

At the Cunard office I am informed that an upper inside berth is at my disposal. A small deposit will secure it, and I have until ten o'clock to-morrow morning to come to a final decision with my vacillating inner man.

Saturday, June 16.—It is high noon, and the *Etruria* is steaming abreast of the Scotland Light-ship and plunging her sharp bow into the yeasty tumble of a "sou'easter." I recollect, with some annoyance, that my hasty note of explanation to Murchison is still safely buttoned up in an inside pocket; and the pilot went over the side not ten minutes ago. It is too bad; what will Murchison think of me?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Grand Opera in English

ELSA MARNY

PHILIP BROZEL

MINNIE TRACEY

PHOEBE STRAKOSCH

RITA ELANDI

LLOYD D'AUBIGNE

IN the promise of the approaching musical season, there is nothing more interesting than the series of performances in English to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House. They are to begin in October, and continue for thirteen weeks, to be resumed in the spring after the company customarily heard there has started on its travels. It is not in regard to its artistic character that the new scheme claims most attention, although it is plain that any event of it will be in a large measure the result of the way in which it is done. Its artistic level must correspond in a measurable degree to its pretensions, or the whole attempt will be in vain. Luckily that much seems assured from the quality of the organization gathered by Henry Savage and Maurice Grau, so it is possible to look at the scheme in its broader aspect. To contemplate the plan of devoting the great lyric theatre of this country to opera in the language understanded of the people is to seek at once answers to questions imperatively suggested. Will the public accept these as a substitute for the performances of the famous singers of all countries? Will opera in the vernacular take such a hold on public taste that any foreign language in opera will ultimately be rejected? Will the present enterprise, courageously if tentatively begun, respond so fully to a supposed desire to hear opera in their own tongue that the American people will, in common with the people of every Continental country, enjoy at least the national element of language in the music they hear? Germany, France, Italy, and Russia listen to operas by composers of every country not in the tongue they were written, but in the language of the people who are to hear them. "Faust" in Italy is sung in Italian, and in Paris "Lohengrin" is sung in French, quite apart from the nationality of Charles Gounod or Richard Wagner. But at the Metropolitan Opera House it is the tongue of the composer that is respected. Wagner in German, Gounod in French, and Verdi in Italian are the rule. That such a standard is highly artistic cannot be denied. Merely in that phase, indeed, improvement could scarcely be demanded. But so far as the national character of the performances is concerned, such a plan is in every way unsatisfactory to persons who believe that opera should be sung in the language of a people, if it is ever to become a part of their musical life, and not remain forever an exotic.

It is not possible to dispute the claim that opera is to be appreciated most only when its dramatic significance is understood. Story and music are in the operas that stand highest in public and critical esteem to-day so closely wedded that one is scarcely to be enjoyed or appreciated without the other. There is a pleasure to be had at the opera by listening merely to the sensuous beauty of the music. That is possible to persons without the least comprehension of what the action of an opera may be intended to express. But it is not possible to all, and there are, fortunately, very few listeners to opera content to struggle along without some attempt to learn what the subject really is. The extent to which they succeed in this effort has much to do in determining the degree of their enjoyment of opera. A complete understanding of the text gives the greatest degree of pleasure in the music, and under these circumstances opera is heard with a full recognition of its dramatic significance. It is not a mere succession of sounds that please the ear or gently affect the emotions, once its dramatic as well as its musical character has been recognized. Without hearing the text in a language they can understand, or the careful study of a libretto, this comprehension of opera is impossible. American audiences have never shown any keenness for acquiring the knowledge that an operatic libretto contains. But hearing an opera sung in the language they understand is bound to make audiences aware of its intent after a while. They will come to appreciate all that its text and story mean within a short time, whereas repeated hearings of a work in a language they do not understand have not succeeded in impressing its meaning on many regular attendants at the Metropolitan, who have remained for years as much in ignorance of the details that led to *Tannhäuser's* departure for Rome as to the causes of *Lucia's* deplorable lunacy. Opera in a language that helps its hearers to a full understanding of its purpose and a just estimate of its varied character is more artistic than any other form of wedded music and drama. For that reason opera should be heard here in English, just as in every musical country it is sung in the vernacular, and the musical taste created by this means is certain to be more enduring and substantial than any founded on the conception of opera as an exotic concealed always from the understanding of many in the shell of a foreign language. Then opera in English must be recognized as the expression of a sounder artistic spirit for this country, because it is a natural spirit that is seeking to get from a work all that it contains.

Other phases of this question are not so easily settled. English is the one language which the great singers of the world rarely use in opera. It is a conceivable result of the present attempt that our own might ultimately become the tongue in which all opera is sung here. There would be no more Wagner in German, or Rossini in Italian; there would be only English for operas from every land. This is a country that adores the mere interpreter in art more than the creator of his work. Usually it is the actor rather than the play, and it is nearly always the singer rather than the music. Could opera in English please the public so well that in the new-found appreciation of the dramatic beauty of operas the singers whose names are famous here would be willingly spared? For none of them sing in English. The complete success of opera in the vernacular, however, would mean that they would have to learn English or remain away. For the English opera season to exist at the Metropolitan Opera House as a cheaper-priced adjunct would deprive it of all significance after a year or two. It can be begun in that way, but to have it give place to the regular performances when the foreign singers return puts it out of all consideration as an artistic factor. But that does not seem to be the fate in store for opera in English here. It will fail entirely, or it will begin with such a steady increase of success that opera in other languages must be unknown here after a while. Opera in the form to meet the most exacting artistic demand would be such performances as the Maurice Grau Opera Company gives now in foreign languages, with the single change necessary to make them comprehensible, recognizant of nationality of the people to whom they are offered, and illustrative of a work's fullest purpose, because they reveal its dramatic as well as its musical character. It would indeed mark a change in the situation here when the Sembrichs, Terninas, Calvés, of the future, are compelled to learn their rôles in English before they can sing in the American opera-houses. It seems now that such a time must lie in the very remote future, if it is not a fantastic idea altogether. But it represents the legitimate end of opera in English if that project is to be a success. It seems, moreover, that the scheme will have fallen short of success until that standard has been reached. Opera in English as a second-class entertainment, inferior and unpretentious, has always existed here, and will be no novelty next winter, except that it is to be performed somewhat more elaborately, and will present a somewhat larger range of works. But opera in English is worth discussion only when it is regarded as the form of opera which is to take the first place in time.

Some of the artists engaged by Maurice Grau and Henry Savage have been heard in this country. Among these are Lloyd d'Aubigne, Lemprière Pringle, Joseph Sheehan, Zelie de Lussan, Rita Elandi, Louise Meisslinger, and Grace Golden. Minnie Tracey, Phœbe Strakosch, Ingborg Balstrom, Elsa Marny, Fanchon Thompson, Phillip Brozel, and some other singers with less important work to do have not been heard before. Some of them have never sung in English. This is true of Miss Strakosch, who was born in Sweden, and has hitherto devoted herself to Italian; of Miss Balstrom, who is a native of Denmark, and has been heard principally in her own country, and Miss Marny, whose appearances in Germany have been in her own country. Even Miss Tracey has only sung in French and Italian, and will be heard in English for the first time. Phillip Brozel is a Russian, but his experience with the Carl Rosa Company in England has prepared him for the work of the season here. Lloyd d'Aubigne has sung in comic opera in English, but has never yet been heard here in the kind of répertoire that will be given at the Metropolitan. Miss Elandi, who is an American, has appeared principally in English opera. The ambitious scope of the season's work is revealed by this comprehensive list of works: "Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Mignon," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "Il Trovatore," "La Gioconda," "Aïda," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "La Traviata," "Don Giovanni," "La Bohème," "Rigoletto," "Die Meistersinger," "I Pagliacci," "Paul and Virginia," "Mesaniello," "Hansel and Gretel," "Fra Diavalo," "Lakme," "The Mikado," and "H. M. S. *Pinafore*." In this programme the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company differs principally from other projects of its kind. No such ambitious work has been attempted since the American Opera Company, seventeen years ago, made a similar effort to place opera in English on the same honorable level long occupied by opera in foreign tongues. The directors of the new scheme believe that they have gathered together talent sufficient to perform this work satisfactorily; and at the present time their task seems to have been marked by liberality and good judgment.

It is not claimed that the standard of the regular performances in foreign languages will be reached during the first season, and the prices of admission indeed make that out of the question. But the attempt will be to give in English performances that can stand comparison with the Metropolitan's average and not fall too far below it for the credit of the new enterprise. Probably the highest standard of the English season, if that can be so comparatively estimated, will fall only a little below the quality of the Saturday evening performance given at cheaper prices than usually obtain. The lower schedule of prices adopted for the English season is at first necessary. It must make its appeal to the largest public and cannot expect support from fashion or wealth.

LAWRENCE REAMER.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

WORD comes from Atlanta that Joel Chandler Harris has stopped writing editorials for the Atlanta *Constitution*, and is going to devote all his time to making books. Making such books as Mr. Harris can make ought to be a more congenial as well as profitable labor than trying to reconcile the people of Georgia to Bryan and the Kansas City platform. It is certainly more profitable to readers in general that Mr. Harris should devote himself to the sort of literature that has made him famous than that newspaper writing, however good, should continue to use up a large share of his energies. The Uncle Remus books are part of the permanent literature of the country. The Aaron books are of great merit too. If there is more of that sort of writing in Mr. Harris it is his duty to get it out. His friends, of whom there must be some millions now living in the world, will take it for granted that so successful an author as he is must already be master of a pecuniary competence, and will rejoice to see him lay aside the crutch of journalism. He is probably the most unassuming successful author in the world. It is high time that he stopped being a newspaper man and put on the airs—such as they are—of a man of letters.

◆

THE Duke of Abruzzi, who has beaten Nansen by nineteen minutes in the race to the north pole, is the nephew of the late King Humbert of Italy, being the son of Amadeo, at one time King of Spain. He was born in Madrid in 1873, while his father was practising his hereditary profession in that capital. He is the same duke who climbed Mount Elias in Alaska some years ago. He seems a restless person.

He has only been about fifteen months in making his farthest north. He left Christiania on June 12, 1899, on the steam-brigantine *Stella Polaris*, and got back to Tromsöe in Norway on September 6, 1900. His northing was made by a party under Captain Cagni, which left the ship and made a dash for the pole with dogs and sledges. It reached 86 degrees 33 minutes; Nansen's best being 86 degrees 14 minutes.

◆

THE ethics of the recent exploit of Mr. Van Ness of New York in hoisting a Boer flag on his lawn at Bar Harbor has been discussed by the authorities on such matters, and the better opinion seems to be that his valor outdid his discretion. Mr. Van Ness, like some millions of Americans, is warmly pro-Boer in his sympathies, and his idea was, as he has expressly stated, to show his extreme displeasure with British doings in South Africa. But the Transvaal question was not at all under discussion at Bar Harbor. A friendly fleet had come there, and a very friendly reception was being given to it. Mr. Van Ness's exploit was, as far as it went, an insult to that fleet. There was no complaint about his opinions. What the Bar Harbor folks found fault with was his manners.

Captain Mahan in a letter to the New York *Times* recalls that in 1863 a United States ship, the *Macedonian*, of which he was an officer, entered the harbor of Plymouth, England. English sympathy at that time was strongly with the Confederates. A merchant vessel in the harbor raised the Confederate flag, clearly with intention of insulting the Yankees. But a boat from a British war-ship went over to the merchantman, and immediately the flag was hauled down, and later in the day a British officer came aboard the *Macedonian* and expressed his regret at the occurrence. The British officer's own sympathies, as it turned out, were with the South, but that did not affect the fact that the American ship was entitled to civil treatment in that harbor.

The case at Bar Harbor seems analogous. "The question in either instance," says Captain Mahan, "is not one of political sympathy, but of social decency."

◆

THERE have been various stories in the newspapers this year to the effect that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the Christian Science seeress, was in bad repair and unfit for exhibition. Scoffers at this gifted woman declared that she kept herself in strict retirement, and had even called in a doctor. They even suggested the possibility that she had an understudy who looked enough like her to be shown for a moment to the faithful when they clamored with especial fervor to see her. Perhaps it was to set at rest these impertinent stories that Mrs. Eddy accepted the invitation of the Governor of New Hampshire to appear on Governor's day (September 6) at the State fair in Concord. The report of her visit says that she reached the fair-grounds at three o'clock in the afternoon, was received by the city and State authorities, and escorted by a troop of mounted police and a mounted aide from the Governor's staff, made the circuit of the race-track amid the plaudits of admiring thousands. It must have been an excellent thing for the fair. There is no greater curiosity in New Hampshire than Mrs. Eddy, unless it is her following, and that far outstretches the limits of the Granite State.

◆

YALE begins her two-hundredth year with many changes. Twenty-five years ago Harvard broke away from many of the traditions of American college education and started with the elective system, which has since progressed at Cambridge to its full development. The considerations which influenced the departure at Cambridge have not been without weight at New Haven, too, but Yale has gone slow, with careful conservatism, limiting the choices of her students much more straitly than Harvard, and clinging to the idea that teachers know better than pupils what is fit for lads to learn.

But President Hadley is recognized as a modern, and was chosen to modernize Yale. This year, for the first time, the course of the new broom is conspicuous. The studies of the Freshman year alone are now prescribed at Yale. Half the Sophomore studies are elective, all but one course in Junior year, and all in Senior year. The changes which have had these results lead the way to the three-year course which has been made possible at Harvard, and constrain the student to determine at the beginning of his Sophomore year to what special end he is studying and what special ground he wants to cover.

There will hardly be much grumbling among the older Yale graduates over these changes. They had come to be a part of American university education, and to reject them was to stay behind in the race.

◆

THE chief innovations at Harvard this year will be material ones of brick, stone, and iron. Harvard has, newly built, in process of construction, or about to be begun, a great students' club, the Harvard Union, given by Major Higginson, the Semitic Museum, given by Mr. Schiff of New York, the Stillman Infirmary, a new boat-house, a new fence around the yard, an engineering building to cost $175,000, given by the late Henry L. Pierce, a new wing to the Agassiz Museum, and divers buildings for the medical school. The A. D. Club has also built itself a hundred-thousand-dollar lair, and the university contemplates a new and stately mansion suitable to the use of the President of so great an institution.

Some of these structures, notably the Harvard Union Building, may bring with them decided changes in Harvard's social life, while, of course, such an unusual number of new edifices will give the more ancient graduates more unfamiliar sights to sigh over.

◆

PERSONS who have lately returned from vacations in the country or in the woods express curiosity about the shirt-waist man, to whom the newspapers have lately accorded so much attention. He sprang like a mushroom into brief and fitful life in the month of August and has probably vanished already for the season. But the absentees want to know what he was like, and whether he really wore a shirt-waist, or merely a shirt; whether he wore a kilt, or trousers; whether he went down with the sun, or bloomed at night also. Reliable information about him is scarce, and many of these inquirers are still in doubt whether there was really any shirt-waist man at all, or the whole apparition was got up by the newspapers, like the Western air-ships a few seasons ago.

◆

THE Equine Provident Society of Brooklyn is reported in the newspapers to have started in the business of taking care of superannuated horses. Its object, as stated, is "to provide food, shelter, and care for horses whose days of usefulness have passed." It has leased a farm on Long Island, and receives inmates. Owners who can afford to pay their worn-out horses' board are expected to do so, but the old horses of other owners who can't pay will be maintained at the cost of the society.

It is an interesting organization, and not unlikely to be enriched by legacies, especially from women. It does not appear whether it will be under the supervision of the State Board of Charities, but it should be, and we must hope that the State Board will see that it is.

◆

HARTFORD has acquired a world-famous picture in the "Raising of Lazarus," by Sir Benjamin West, which has been given by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to the Wadsworth Athenæum. It arrived on August 23. West, as will be remembered, was born in Pennsylvania, and lived and painted in England, where he became president of the Royal Academy. This picture, a very large one, and one of the best he ever did, hung for more than a hundred years over the altar in Winchester Cathedral. How it came to be sold to Mr. Morgan is not explained, but it was sold, and its sale was greatly lamented. It was supposed that it was destined to adorn the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, but that supposition has turned out to be mistaken. Mr. Morgan's interest in Hartford is hereditary. He used to live there.

◆

THE annual Ashfield dinner on August 23 marked the eightieth anniversary of the founding of Sanderson Academy, and was the occasion, as usual, of some interesting discourse. The speakers this year were Professor Norton, Dr. J. W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, and President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester. Dr. Norton talked about the nineteenth century; a more wonderful century, he thought, than even the fifteenth. It had brought unparalleled changes to the world, and many even to Ashfield, where the unorthodox in religion no longer suffered violent persecution, as they did a hundred years ago. In American policy at the very end of the century Dr. Norton found much to lament, but he did not mourn as one without hope.

Dr. Chadwick discoursed on the negro problem, Professor Royce on the growth of human sympathy and the evils of pessimism and mobs, and Dr. Hall deplored the tendency of contemporary ruling races to destroy the weaker peoples with whom they come in touch. The addresses were all able and worthy of the traditions of the days when Curtis and Lowell sat with Norton at the Ashfield board.

◆

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S Labor-day speech in Chicago was of a different order from any public address he has delivered since he ran for Governor of New York. It is very edifying to read, and must have been good to hear. There is no politics in it at all; nothing about San Juan, or "my regiment," or the Spanish war, or the strenuous life. It was a sober, thoughtful, kindly, grown-up speech; the speech of a man who was trying to tell his audience something that it would do them good to hear.

◆

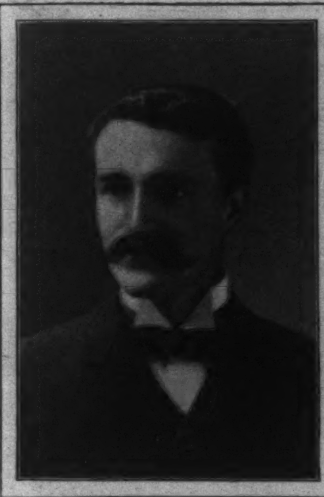
THE rains have come in India. There will be a crop in about two months, and the death-rate is falling, but there is still an immense deal of distress. Seven millions of people are dependent on charity for support, and there are orphans by the hundred thousand to be provided for and reared. The Red Cross Society is raising a new fund to help in these duties. Next in importance to them is the great work of providing against future famines by great works for water-storage and irrigation. These works, which are always going forward in India, will be pushed. Better means of transportation are needed too. It has been impossible to get to some of the present famine districts the available supplies, especially the supplies of fodder for cattle.

◆

SINCE Count Waldersee has been chosen to command the German troops in China his American wife has enjoyed afresh the attention of the American press. She is probably the ablest and most influential American woman in Europe, and as she is to a considerable extent in public life, there is nothing out of the way in the attention the newspapers pay to her. But most of the current newspaper notices that concern her are mistaken in one or two exasperating particulars. Most of them say she was the daughter of David Lea, of New York, which is true, and that she became the morganatic wife of the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, who gave up his title to marry her. It is true that she married the prince, and that he gave up his title to marry her, but princes do not give up their titles when they make morganatic marriages, and this marriage of Miss Lea to the Count de Noer, who had been Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, was not morganatic, but was a lawful marriage without qualification or limit. The Count de Noer became Prince de Noer, and his wife at his death continued to be the Princess de Noer. After her first husband's death she came back to America, and spent a year or more. Several years after that she was married to Count Waldersee. The prevalent story that she has never been back to this country since she first went abroad is untrue. Also the story that her second marriage followed somewhat speedily after the death of her first husband.

◆

THE tunnel through which passengers from the Grand Central Station are hauled out of New York seems to be losing its popularity. Persons who come to New York three or four times a year don't mind it much. For them, partial suffocation by sulphur fumes has the excitement of novelty, and it seems a trifling price to pay for getting into the heart of New York. But persons whose business constrains them to come through the tunnel five or six times a week find their daily experience of poisonous air a serious matter. Some of them, who have delicate throats or lungs, have been known to give up their homes in Westchester County or Connecticut and move to Long Island or New Jersey for no other reason than that the air of the tunnel makes them sick. It is supposed that if the Greatest Railroad on Earth, and the other lines that use the tunnel, made an effort of sufficient strenuosity, they could haul their trains through the tunnel by electricity, and make as great an improvement in the atmosphere of it as was made in the Fourth Avenue tunnel by the substitution of electricity for the fragrant horse. It is a drawback to the comfort of living in New York that so many persons want to get to that town that they will go through almost anything to do it, and that so many persons want to stay after they have got there that they will incur the most serious inconveniences in the matters of rent, dirt, and taxation rather than leave.



GIFFORD PINCHOT

The Chief Forester

IT is only within the past few years that forestry has been recognized as a profession in the United States. It acquired this dignity with the graduation of Mr. Gifford Pinchot from Yale College in 1889, for Mr. Pinchot was the first American to devote a keen intelligence and liberal education to a solution of the problem of the distribution and disposition of the timber of this country. He came naturally by his interest in forestry. His father, Mr. James W. Pinchot, of Grey Towers, Milford, Pennsylvania, has for years encouraged in every possible way the intelligent conservation of the forests.

The Pinchot family founded and donated $150,000 to the Yale Forest School, and the summer school in this branch of college work is held at Mr. Pinchot's place in Connecticut. When Mr. Gifford Pinchot graduated from Yale the value of his services was at once recognized in a number of directions. He worked out a forestry plan for Biltmore, the great North Carolina estate of the Vanderbilts. He was made a member of the National Forestry Commission, and undertook for the government a special study of the forest reserves. The permanent need of his services by the government was quickly recognized, and July 1, 1898, he was appointed chief forester of the United States.

The Division of Forestry is one branch of the Department of Agriculture. It was established potentially, but not actually, in 1876, by the appointment of Dr. Franklin B. Hough, of New York, to prepare a report on various forest matters under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture. The position of chief forester was created by act of Congress ten years later.

Co-operation with other government bodies interested in forestry is a marked feature of the work of the division. It has assisted and been assisted very greatly by the Forest Division of the United States Geological Survey, which is engaged in mapping and describing the forest reserves, and it has undertaken, at the request of the Secretary of the Interior, the preparation of working plans for the 47,000,000 acres of national forest reserves, although, owing to the unfortunate separation of government forest work into three parts, it has nothing to do with their administration. Applications for positions as student assistants have been received from more than 250 men for this summer's work. Of these, less than sixty were selected for appointment. The total force of the division in office and field at present is nearly one hundred.

The work of the forestry experts is most practical. American plans had to be devised, for conditions are different in this country from those prevailing in any other. In Germany, for instance, where a great deal of attention is paid to forestry, labor is cheap and wood is dear. In the United States labor is high and wood is cheap. Lumbermen have been shown they were losing 7 per cent. of their product by cutting high stumps. The system has in consequence been changed nearly everywhere.

The forestry division has co-operated with several important railroad systems in introducing a novel feature of economy. It is proposed that these railroads shall raise tie and pole timber on a large scale on their non-utilized right of way. This action is due to the failure of the natural supply of this material in all except the recently settled portions of the United States. About one million acres of timber are consumed annually by railroads in buildings and repairing, and at the present rate of timber depletion the increased cost of such material will soon be a serious factor in railroad economy. The Sante Fe system has already tried the experiment suggested, and the results obtained have done much to stimulate interest. This road planted 1280 acres in catalpus fifteen years ago. The total expense was $128,000, but it is estimated that in ten years more this tract will have produced $2,560,000 worth of poles, etc.

One purpose of the division is to demonstrate the value of tree plantations to land-owners, especially those in the treeless regions of the West. The offer to give advice and furnish working plans to persons desiring to plant forest trees, made last year by the division, has met with immediate response from the farmers of the country. Nearly 150 applications have been received, and forty were furnished with plans in time for use this spring. A still larger number have written for advice in cases where personal inspection by experts was not needed. The treeless States were quickest to avail themselves of the offer, Kansas leading with forty applications. J. D. WHELPLEY.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

HIGHEST AWARD AT PARIS EXPOSITION.
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK Co. has been awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur at the Paris Exposition for the superior quality of its Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. This is the highest award given at the Exposition. It has stood first for forty years. Avoid unknown brands. —[*Adv.*]

TELEPHONE service at a private residence needs only a short trial to prove itself indispensable. Our Message Rates offer very moderate terms. NEW YORK TELEPHONE Co., 15 Dey Street, 111 W. 38th St.—[*Adv.*]

HOPES are never realized where ambition is greater than strength. Fortify your system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'. —[*Adv.*]

DON'T fill your stomach with spirits which wreck it. COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE tones it up.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS build up the system, vitalize the blood, and prevent disease.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

PARIS AWARD FOR THE PRUDENTIAL.
THE award of gold medals for American exhibits has just been made at the Paris Exposition, and the first and only life insurance company in the United States to get a gold medal, or an award of any kind, is THE PRUDENTIAL.

It comes as a formal and official recognition of THE PRUDENTIAL's excellent policies and modern business methods, and the officers feel justly proud that theirs is the only company to be paid such a well-merited honor.

The Company's exhibit was made at the request of the United States government, and the award carries with it a double significance, for it bears witness to the unique status of THE PRUDENTIAL in the world of life insurance, and to the high character of American exhibits in general.

The fact that THE PRUDENTIAL was also able to get up such a comprehensive and exhaustive exhibit on such short notice from the government authorities, and, besides, one that received the only prize awarded to American life insurance companies, speaks volumes for its excellent office system and accurate business methods, and makes it clear that the Company has its business in all its branches under thorough control.

THE PRUDENTIAL gave the initiative to the idea of Industrial life insurance in the United States in 1875, and, from that time until the present, THE PRUDENTIAL has been its foremost exponent, and its policies have been held as the best and most liberal examples of the modern life insurance contract.

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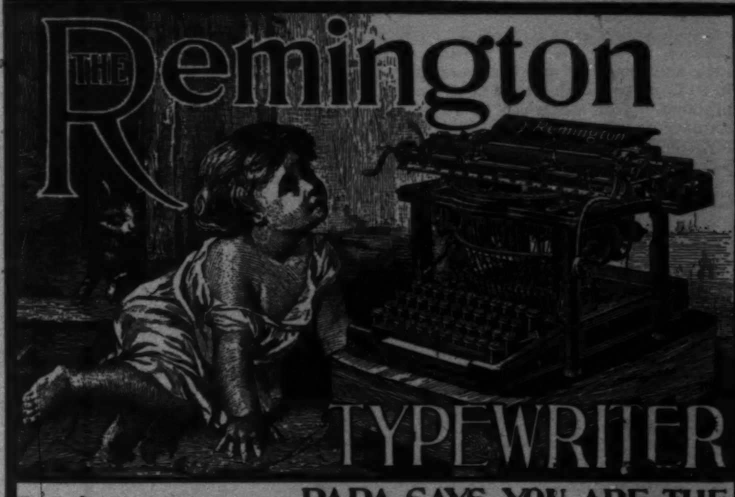

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THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

THE National political campaign has reached that period of development when the letters of acceptance begin to appear. President McKinley was first in the field with his letter to Senator Lodge, chairman of the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, accepting the Presidential nomination. The letter appeared on September 10. It began with a flat-footed declaration for the Gold Standard, and it reviewed the financial record of the Administration for the last four years. Most of the document, however, was given up to a justification of the Administration's Philippine policy. That aspect of the political situation was treated exhaustively. It is impossible, of course, in a review such as this, to give extracts of any length from such a document. It has been discussed thoroughly by the daily press and its chief features are known widely. There seems to be a substantial agreement that the letter was one of the ablest bits of rhetorical composition and of convincing argument that Mr. McKinley ever produced. In tone it was calm and even, and there was not the slightest suggestion of heated political controversy about it. The Republican managers made no secret of their belief that Mr. McKinley had advanced his own cause materially by this able and dispassionate document.

* * *

MR. BRYAN'S letter of acceptance may be expected almost any day. It is probable that he will answer some of Mr. McKinley's arguments on the Philippine matter, and it is for that reason, doubtless, that he waited until the letter of the Republican candidate should appear. Mr. Bryan, on his return from his campaign excursion into West Virginia, made some speeches while going West to Chicago. He spoke chiefly in Ohio. With Chicago as a base, he has been speaking in the immediate neighborhood, having addressed a very large audience at Milwaukee, where he led a parade on its way to a picnic grounds. Mr. Bryan has also addressed the students of Chicago University, to whom he made this surprising statement:

"No one can make a Fourth of July speech in these days and leave any doubt as to which party he belongs to. It is getting to be so that a man cannot praise the Declaration of Independence without being denounced as a Democrat."

Later in the address, when Mr. Bryan was talking about the Filipinos as a subject people, some one in the student audience cried out:

"Tell us about North Carolina."

This was Mr. Bryan's response to that very significant hint about the "consent-of-the-governed" theory:

"Let the race question in this country and the trouble it has brought warn you against bringing into this country another race question. You don't have to go to North Carolina to find out about the race problem. You see what troubles we have when the country is about equally divided between white and black. What would it be when there are ninety-nine brown men to one white man?"

* * *

THE Western trip of Governor Roosevelt continues to occupy widespread public attention. The trip began at Detroit. Nearly three days were spent in Michigan, and then there was a big meeting at South Bend, Indiana, where Governor Roosevelt doubled around the lower end of Lake Michigan on his way to Chicago. The trip then lay through Wisconsin and Minnesota into the Dakotas. Everywhere Governor Roosevelt has been greeted with enormous crowds. He is not what would be called a finished campaign speaker. He has a strong, harsh voice, his wits are always alert; there is no question of his sincerity; he never displays any tendency to dodge or to quibble, and for these reasons he has succeeded in holding his audiences and in stirring up genuine enthusiasm. Governor Roosevelt is making a consistent and thorough attack on Mr. Bryan and his theories. He began by quoting from Mr. Bryan's speeches of four years ago, declaring that if McKinley should be elected the country would go to the dogs. Governor Roosevelt has been especially strong in attacking Mr. Bryan's Imperialism issue. In one place where there were 5000 persons in the audience, Governor Roosevelt saw five soldiers in uniform. He asked the soldiers to stand up, and then he asked the audience if they trembled for their liberties and political rights in the presence of such an exhibition. The answer was electric in its character, and the effect one of the most desirable, from the Republican stand-point, that Governor Roosevelt has secured on his trip. Perhaps the greatest enthusiasm the Governor has aroused has been in the far West, out in the cowboy country, where the people are even greater admirers of Roosevelt than those of the East. It is the general belief that as a vote getter and a stirrer up of enthusiasm Governor Roosevelt is a decided success.

* * *

THE last of the preliminary elections before the great test in November has been held. Maine voted on September 10, and the result at this writing seems to be a plurality for the Republicans of about 34.000, which is a falling off, compared with the result of 1896, of about 14,000. No one expected, however, that the 1896 plurality would be even approached. The Republicans said they would be satisfied with a plurality of 30,000, and the Democrats hoped to keep it down to 25,000, which up to the year 1896 was a good-sized Republican victory. Chairman Manley of the Republican State Committee, telegraphed to the President that with the exception of 1896 the Democratic vote was the smallest in the State since 1848. The Democrats, however, took some comfort out of the election because the returns showed, when compared with those of 1896, an increase of 20 per cent. in round numbers of their vote. They said a similar increase throughout the country would give the election to Bryan. The Republicans, however, said that they have never failed to elect their National ticket when the September plurality in Maine went above the 25,000 mark. The truth of the matter is that the Maine election, like that of Vermont, is negative rather than positive in its indications, and neither side is entirely satisfied with the result or the outlook.

* * *

THAT the Republicans are in dread lest over-confidence and apathy may bring them into great danger of failure was shown in an interview which National Chairman Hanna gave out in Chicago on September 10, the day he arrived there to begin work at the Western branch of the Republican National Headquarters. He admitted that there was over-confidence on the part of the Republicans. He added:

"Over-confidence is not the right spirit with which to enter the campaign, and it is our intention to do everything to make sure a Republican victory. We have a contest on our hands and it is a hard one."

The National Chairman on the Democratic side, Senator Jones, has been visiting New York, where he made the prediction that Bryan would carry Indiana. He also said that Mr. Bryan would be elected, and then he added:

"I believed that in 1896 and I believe it now, but I am not going to do any prophesying as to the States he will carry. I will tell all about that after November 7."

Mr. Jones's visit to New York was probably to secure money for the campaign. One of the men who is said to have met him is a Joseph A. Robertson, of Monterey, Mexico. Mr. Robertson was quoted as saying:

"A number of gentlemen of means, of whom I am one, have heard of the cry of the Democratic National Committee that they lack money to carry on the campaign. We have decided to put the committee on its feet financially. If that is all, we'll supply the deficiency and stop the cry."

Mr. Robertson is said to be several times a millionaire, and has lived in Mexico for about ten years. How large a contribution he made to the Democratic treasury is, of course, a matter known only to those immediately concerned.

* * *

THE conflict in the Democratic party in the State of New York has been fought out in the State convention, and has resulted in an overwhelming victory for Richard Croker and Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker's candidate for Governor, John B. Stanchfield, of Elmira, was nominated over Comptroller Bird S. Coler, former Senator Hill's candidate, by a vote of 294 to 154. Senator Hill moved to make the nomination unanimous, and Mr. Coler announced that he would support the ticket.

Thus has ended for the time being one of the bitterest fights in the Democratic party in New York State. It is of great importance in the political world, for it leaves Tammany Hall for the first time in the history of the State triumphant not only in the city, but in the State in party councils. Mr. Croker has thus become the leader of New York State Democrats, and is in a position to deal with the National managers of the party. Mr. Croker waged a bitter war on Mr. Coler, and inspired several personal attacks against him. The proceedings of the convention were marked with personalities, and perhaps the most remarkable event in the convention was the adoption of a plank in the platform condemning the Ice Trust and also the Ramapo water steal. It is not recorded whether Mr. Croker winked at Mr. Carroll, his chief political lieutenant, or at Mayor Van Wyck, or his brother former Justice Van Wyck when the anti-Ice Trust plank was adopted. The plank was regarded by anti-Tammany men as one of the huge jokes of contemporaneous politics.

* * *

AN indication that the campaign is really warming up is the fact that the time for holding State conventions is at hand. The New York State conventions have attracted the most attention throughout the country because of the peculiar political situation here and its relations to National affairs. The Republicans of New Hampshire and Montana have placed their tickets in the field, and the Democrats of Delaware and those of Minnesota, fusing with the Populists of the latter State, have also nominated State tickets. The Delaware Democrats nominated a retired capitalist for Governor, and for the first time in the history of the Democratic party in that State made an outspoken declaration for Free Silver. The Massachusetts Democrats have settled upon Robert Treat Paine, Jr., as their candidate for Governor. The candidate for Governor of the Fusionists in Minnesota is the present Governor, John Lind.

The Republicans in Louisiana are becoming more active than usual, and have made Congress nominations in the First and Third districts. The negro seems to be entirely eliminated from Republican politics of Louisiana, for both of these conventions were composed entirely of white men. The Republicans of the State have promised the Republican party managers that at least two Republican Congressmen will be elected in Louisiana.

That there is urgent need for hard work in the Congress elections, and that it would be desirable to secure some more Republican members from the South if possible, was pointed out recently by Mr. H. H. Hanna, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Indianapolis Monetary Convention. He said:

"There is very great danger of the Bryan men securing control of the lower House of the next Congress. There is every reason to expect that they will gain three representatives in North Carolina, and there is serious risk of their gaining one in Kentucky, two in Indiana, one in Missouri, and one in Texas. There is a possibility of loss in many other districts. The outlook for the Congressional election is unfavorable for sound-money success. If the Silverites should get into control, they will surely pass a Free Silver bill in the House as an expression of their resentment over the Gold Standard law. The Senate will not confirm it, but very great damage will be done."

The formal opening of the Ohio campaign by the Republicans is another evidence that hard work has begun in earnest. It is the custom of Ohio Republicans to start their campaigns off with a big whoop. There was no lack of enthusiasm in the opening this year. It took place at Youngstown, and was addressed by Senators Foraker and Depew and by Governor Nash.

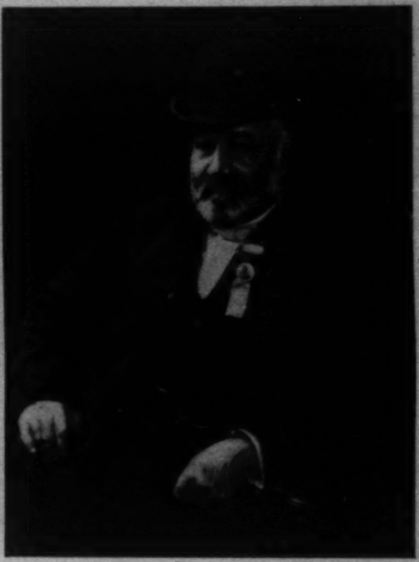
* * *

THE campaign has also reached that stage when "the campaign liar" has appeared. Colonel Roosevelt felt himself the victim of this kind of malice which always appears in a Presidential contest, almost at the outset of his Western trip. At one of his stops in Michigan circulars were scattered broadcast declaring that he was a military fakir, and that at the battle of San Juan Hill or Kettle Hill he was six miles in the rear when the Rough Riders went forward in their assault. There seems to be no occasion for Governor Roosevelt to confute this lie. The Republicans also complained of a statement that H. H. Rogers, a large stockholder of the Standard Oil Company, and president of the Ohio River Railroad, had refused to permit Mr. Bryan's private car to be attached to a regular train on his railroad on Mr. Bryan's West Virginia trip, and that Mr. Bryan and his party were compelled to ride in an ordinary car in consequence. It was a pure fabrication. Mr. Rogers and the railroad officials made absolute denial of the assertion of discrimination against Mr. Bryan, and the lie after running a violent course of a day or two disappeared from sight. The Democrats on their side complained against the printed statement that they had fomented the labor troubles in the anthracite coal region so as to bring on a strike there. The plan, according to the story, was to call out the State militia by acts of violence, and thus prejudice the Republican cause in the minds of the manual laborers of the country. The strike at this writing has not been called, and there has been no substantiation of the assertion that the Democrats were behind the movement in order to cause embarrassment to the Republican party.

* * *

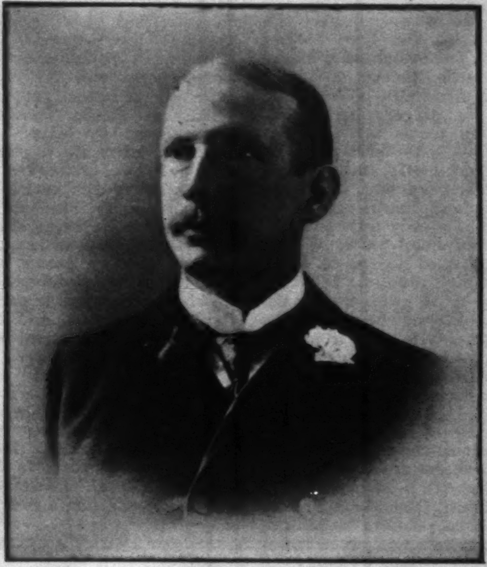
AMONG the minor happenings of the campaign is the report that Senator Donelson Caffery will not accept the nomination of the National or Third party meeting held in Carnegie Hall for President. Secretary Gage has again sent out a warning that "Bryan's election would mean a Silver Democratic House, and would practically assure a Silver majority in the Senate in 1901." The "prayer chains" to insure McKinley's defeat that were started by some enthusiastic members of the Indiana W. C. T. U. have been abandoned completely. The National W. C. T. U. discountenanced the effort, and the scheme has not received approval from any source. The Republicans in Chicago dropped a hint that they were going to hold their monster parade on Chicago Day, October 9. The Democrats hastened to Police Headquarters and at once secured a permit for their own parade on that day. It is now learned that the Republican announcement was a trap. October 9 is the registration day in Chicago, when Democrats would better be getting names on the polling lists than marching about the streets if they hope to win at the polls. One proof of good times is the fact that Chicago newspapers are printing more than twice the number of advertisements of "Help Wanted" than they were four years ago. Vice-Chairman Payne of the Republican National Committee has given out a tabulated statement of the way he thinks the States are going to vote in November. He figures as certain for McKinley 249 votes out of 447. He gives Bryan 145 votes. The doubtful States, according to Mr. Payne, are Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Nebraska, West Virginia, and Indiana, with a total of 53 votes.

MR. HILL NOMINATING BIRD S. COLER, OF KINGS.

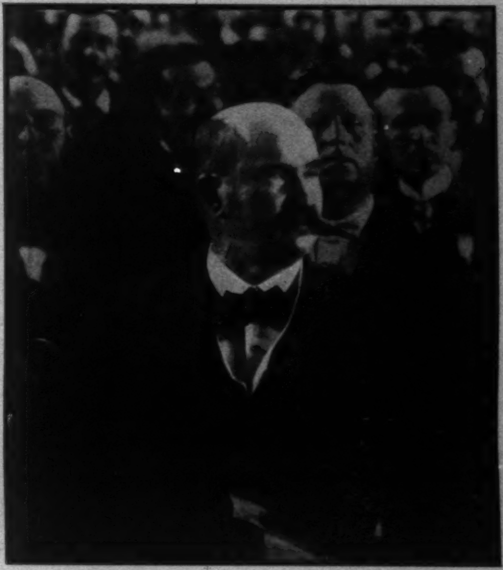


RICHARD CROKER.

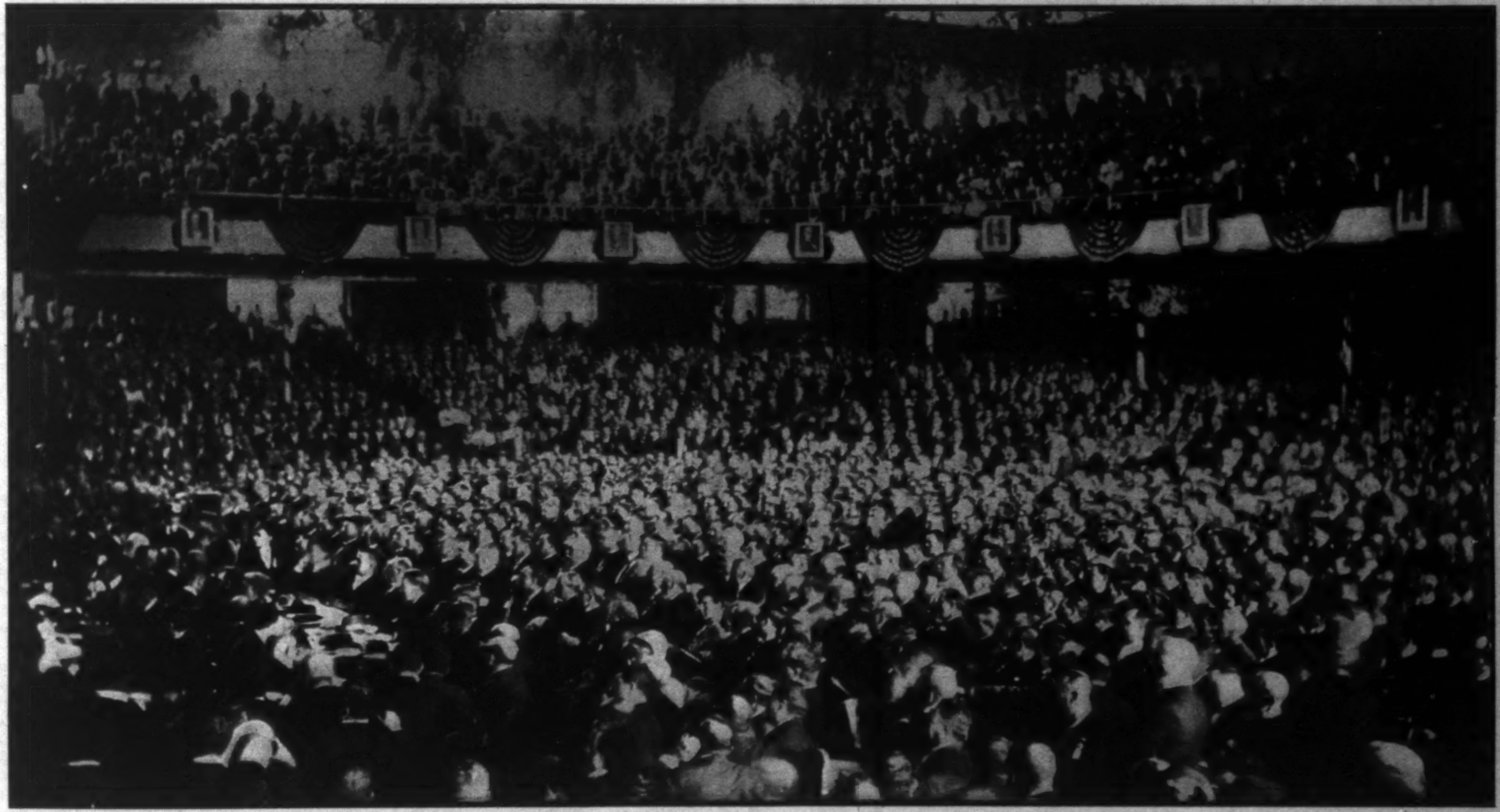
WILLIAM F. MACKEY,
Democratic Nominee for Lieutenant-Governor of New York.



JOHN B. STANCHFIELD,
Democratic Nominee for Governor of New York.



DAVID B. HILL.



THE CONVENTION IN SESSION.

THE NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, SARATOGA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900.

The Football Outlook for 1900

THE time has gone by, so far as football is concerned, when Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania can hope to get through a season without being scored against, if not defeated, by one of the smaller rivals. For while the larger teams still easily retain their leadership, they have lost a certain prestige that put them in a class of their own. It is pretty generally recognized now that a second-class team, skilfully handled, may defeat one of the "Big Four" at a certain point in the development of the latter, and last year all but Harvard succumbed. For instance, compare Columbia with Yale or Cornell with Princeton at the close of last season, and the difference that existed between the larger and smaller teams is evident, though both the smaller teams succeeded earlier in the season. Yale has played several tie games with teams like West Point, has not infrequently been outplayed by inferior opponents, has often been saved from deserved defeat by a piece of luck, and all this without affecting in the least her standing at the end of the season. That is the new point in the game, and one that may produce some startling results this fall.

One thing which will attract attention this year is the progress which will be shown in the direction of close formations and of kicking. The days of line-bucking are more or less a thing of the past. Last season, O'Dea, McBride, Hudson, Sharpe, and Poe brought out the great value of all kinds of kicking. Dropped goals were fully as important a factor in making scores and deciding games as in the days of Bull of Yale; and this year they are likely to play a still more important part. Yet, although the season opens with the prospect of a kicking game, the majority of the Eastern teams will have to develop punters, for there are no kickers left.

On the other hand, the rushing game, when used, has had a tendency to develop into mass playing. Simple formations and straight plunges at the tackles, when well executed and well met by a stiff defence, generally become mass plays at the instant the runner hits the line. In addition, the tendency to shorten the sweep and to turn the end-run in is increasing every year. One exception to this is Harvard's double pass around the end, and the Yale team could only check this last year by breaking through the line and interrupting it before it was well started. It was good for twenty yards, and will undoubtedly be much in evidence this year. The indications are that a point has been reached in the development of football where the game will broaden in all directions of play, where each eleven will have a comprehensive rather than a special game. The once-despised double pass, the wearing mass play, the ridiculed "chess-board" formation, the simple unprotected shoot, the kick which loses possession of the ball, will all have their place in the game to be played this season.

One offensive play, however, is practically dead. The old formation, built up on one of the tackles, with tackle and guard as apex, in which the apex is supposed to wait until hit from behind and then the whole mass to move majestically forward, has seen its last days probably. This was frequent in the days when football was planned on paper. Its general result was that an opposing tackle, at the instant of waiting, dived in just behind the apex and cut the mass in half before it started. The cardinal principle in all offensive play, from interference in end-runs down to rush-line work, is to get a quick individual start on the opponents in front, and leave the players behind to follow as best they can. Yale had some very good close formations last year, which will be developed further. Simple plays well executed are best for steady playing, and though there may be more mass play this fall, counteracted by the open kicking game, there will be few complicated formations among the leading teams.

West Point and Annapolis will respond to the stimulus of playing each other again, and the big teams are likely to have difficult games with both of them. The smaller college teams, taken as a whole, will be better than ever, for as the game grows the best knowledge of it spreads; and soon the only difference between the large and small teams will be in amount of material to select from. The West is developing rapidly. The University of Chicago is to meet during the season most of the good teams in the West; and her games with Brown at Chicago, October 20, and with Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, October 27, will give a fair basis for comparison of the mid-season form of the West and the East. There has never yet been an opportunity to compare East and West at the end of the season, when the big colleges are at their best.

The season opens with a curious change of trainers. Robinson, formerly a Princeton trainer, last year at Yale, returns to Princeton, taking with him the trainer of last year's Yale Freshman team. Carey, another Yale trainer, has gone to Columbia to be under Sanford. McMasters, formerly of Princeton, will continue at Harvard, while last, but not least, Murphy of Yale, who has spent four years at Philadelphia, will be welcomed back to New Haven.

Harvard and Yale seem to share equally the best prospects. Harvard's skilful captain, Daly, is among the greatest of quarter-backs. Her material, thanks to the work of Mr. Forbes, is enough for three or four ordinary college teams, and guided by such men as Dibblee for the offence and Lewis for the defence, the season should again show the strong combination of machinelike team-work and individual play which has characterized the Cambridge teams for two seasons. Harvard is to-day setting the standard in football. She will have to develop a kicker, as Reid has graduated. Ellis is simply a plunging full-back, and it will be hardly practicable to use Hallowell again in that capacity, as it interferes greatly with his end play. The backs are good, and the ends, Campbell and Hallowell, are the best in the field this year. But the outlook for Harvard to win from Yale and Pennsylvania is not so good as might be supposed from her good showing in form.

Yale has fine material and plenty of it for all emergencies. The plan of playing as many men, good, bad, or indifferent, in the daily practice, as is possible is really a fundamental one in building up a championship eleven. Like all steps forward this was a lesson ground into the consciousness of the "powers that be" at New Haven by bitter experience. The winning university of the future will be the one which first takes the further step of organizing her entire able-bodied student community into class and other teams practising and playing daily.

Yale's schedule is her time-honored one of light practice games with second-class teams during October. The November schedule contains four games, West Point, Carlisle, Princeton, and Harvard. Looking over Yale's material it is hard to find a weak place. To develop a punter and line-plunger for McBride's position at full-back will be the one serious problem, and a centre-rush will have to be found if Hale is moved out to tackle. The line from end to end will be strong. For half-backs the competition is sure to be keen among Sharpe, Keane, Chadwick, Adams, and Dupee. There should be a very pretty running fight kept up through the season by these men, and the practice at Yale Field any afternoon in the early part of November will be as interesting to watch as a game.

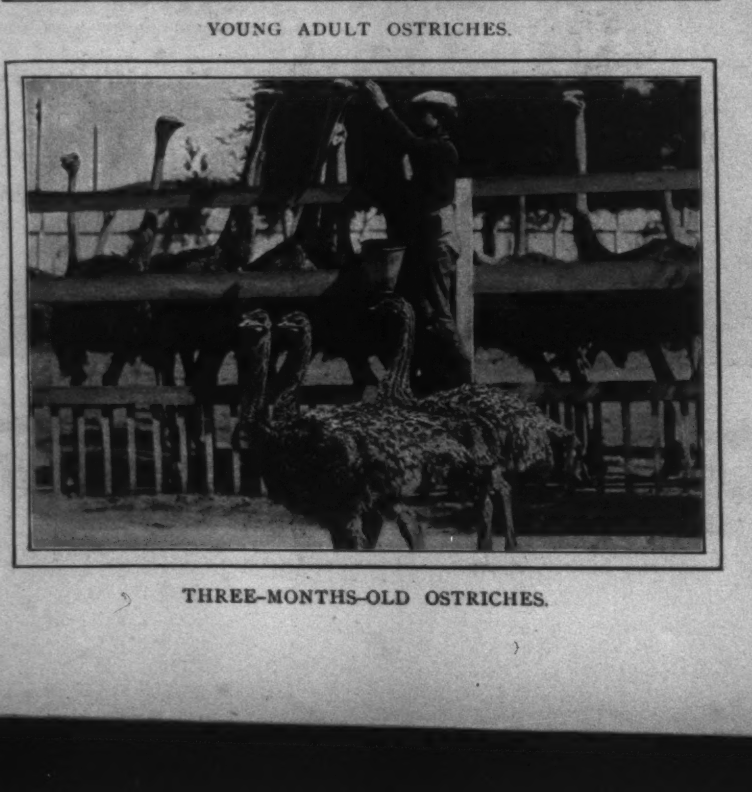
The remembrance of three victories over Yale in four years the last two successive, lights up Princeton's outlook in spite of the fact that with the exception of Captain Pell, a young but good tackle, the New Jersey college loses her entire rush-line. Burly, Edwards, Hildebrand, Arthur Poe, and Booth are gone. Like Yale, Princeton loses a star full-back. The schedule is short, ending November 17 with the one big game against Yale. The danger of getting into 'varsity form too soon, and going stale, is thus lessened. Moffat will take control, as Lea is to act as the coach of the University of Michigan.

It seems probable that Pennsylvania will vary her style of game this year, retaining the guards-back formation and the various plays which start therefrom, but paying greater attention to other departments of the game. Consciously or unconsciously, Woodruff the coach has learned something from the terrible reverses which the Quakers suffered last year before their final effort in defeating Cornell. Nothing has been so evident as Pennsylvania's deficiency in the kicking game. It is not likely that Hare will be called upon to punt this year. Great player as Hare is, he cannot captain a team and play half-back, guard, and full-back all at once. The early practice has been much lighter than formerly, the lesson of last year's cripples having been well learned.

Of all the Eastern teams outside of the "Big Four" Columbia and Cornell will be watched with the greatest interest, although their erratic form of last season places them both below Carlisle. The taint of professionalism, which attached to the Blue and White was happily removed by the sportsmanlike conduct of the university's athletic authorities, and Columbia now stands on a strict amateur footing. Ex-Captain Wilson's place at quarter-back will be the most troublesome one to fill. There may also be difficulty in finding a man to stand in the shoes of Captain Simons at full-back, if the latter's injured knee prevents him from playing. For the rest, there are the veterans—Simmons, Weekes, Morley, backs; Wright, centre; Knapp and Smyth, tackles. Columbia has already a large number of new men who for two weeks past have been training at Branford Point, Connecticut.

Ostrich-Farming in California

YOUNG ADULT OSTRICHES.



THREE-MONTHS-OLD OSTRICHES.

FOURTEEN years ago I left California, taking steamer by New York and London to Cape Colony, Africa, with the object of purchasing a herd of ostriches. Already had the industry been started in California several years by the importation of some dozen birds from Buenos Ayres, part of a large shipment that had previously been obtained from the Cape. Arriving at Cape Colony, I found that the local government had just imposed an export tax of $500 per ostrich on every live bird taken from the country; to avoid a similar imposition by other coast-line governments in Africa I hastened to the Natal district on the west coast, and while the policy of imposing a similar duty was being actually considered at the time by the Natal government, I lost no time in purchasing fifty-two large ostriches and hurrying them with all speed to the seaboard for shipment to the United States. Having rounded up this flock by purchase from native and foreign owners, I encountered another difficulty, which somewhat endangered the progress already made. No freight was sent from Natal to any other but English ports; I was obliged therefore to charter a sailing vessel, and the *Krona*, a Swedish bark of some 370 tons burden, I engaged to take the creatures over the broad Atlantic to the port of Galveston, Texas. To fit up the vessel for the accommodation of the fifty-two strange passengers required lumber and skill, together with some quantity of hardware; all these were scarce at that time in Natal; finally, after strenuous efforts, and at some considerable expense, the *Krona* was rigged up suitably, the ostriches placed on board, provisions stored, and we started upon the long and solitary voyage. The birds were placed in pens in two rows running the entire length of the ship's hold, while upon the outer sides long paths covered with sand were arranged for their daily exercise. A hundred tons of sand were part of the shipment, to be used for bedding for the birds and also to cause an innocent deception upon their mental gaze, reminding them of the desert sands of their tropical home. Charcoal, carbolic acid, disinfectants, and whitewash were purchased in abundance, as well as vast quantities of corn, sweet-potatoes, turnips, carrots, and other vegetables. The bark ran before the gale soon after a hurricane struck the vessel near Cape Town, and in due time arrived off St. Helena, where the provisions were replenished.

Nothing disturbed the perpetual misery and monotony of the voyage except several deaths among the passengers: one ostrich from a cold, and another from overeating passed away in consequence of a too liberal diet upon a sack of sweet-potatoes that happened to have been left exposed. Three of the creatures died from rolling around in their pens helplessly; these had probably become so weak from "mal de mer" that when the vessel rocked they fell on their own necks and thus were strangled. On through Barbadoes, by Jamaica and Cuba, came this collection of plumed giants, until Galveston was reached, and terra firma, so welcome to all after a tedious voyage lasting seventy-seven days, was once more approached. Two birds died, perhaps of extreme joy, upon landing, and the rest were loaded into freight cars and taken direct by passenger train to Los Angeles, California.

Since this interesting event I have been constantly engaged raising ostriches in California. One by one the imports faded away, not probably able to overcome the difficulties of acclimatization, but before their exit they hatched numerous young; and these young, with those few birds referred to at the beginning of this article that existed in California before my importation, are the ancestors of the present large and increasing ostrich population, numbering at the present time about one thousand, whose descendants will in time to come in multiplied thousands thrive in the Southern States of America. At the present stage of ostrich-culture in California some compensation to the proprietary interests is derived from the admission fees of the thousands of tourists who annually visit the Golden State; in February and March generally there are some thirty thousand wealthy tourists present in Los Angeles, attracted here by the genial winter climate of California.

This climate has been found to be peculiarly appropriate to the native Californian ostrich. In Africa a disease called "yellow liver" takes away thousands of the little ostrich chicks annually; but in California, in all my experience, no trace of an epidemic or disease fatal to the native American ostrich has been observed. An ostrich will devour in quantity about as much as a sheep, and can be kept at about the same expense; they are fed upon alfalfa, beets, and grain of various kinds. They are sturdy, strong, very seldom sick, and should an ostrich pass away before its time in California it is owing mainly to an accident. As soon as the males arrive at adult age they are separated and paired off with the hens, thus avoiding the danger of fights, when injury may occur from kicking each other; protected in suitable pens, much smaller than those of their African brethren, fed with the greatest regularity and upon the best the market affords, there is no reason why a full-grown Californian ostrich should not arrive at the good old age of threescore and ten, as is its wont, and be then in due course of nature gathered to its fathers.

The ostrich is a good layer. One pair at the South Pasadena farm have hatched thirty-seven chicks in one year; others have done nearly as well. Each little ostrich is worth twenty-five dollars upon its arrival, and age only increases its value. The hen ostrich will lay an egg every other day for thirty days before the pair commence setting upon the nest—the hen sits by day and the male bird by night; forty days are required for the eggs to hatch. The young chicks are kept in brooders all through the chilly California nights, and daily meander in the everlasting California sun, biting without cessation the young alfalfa. The consequence is a marvellous growth of twelve inches a month; so that in seven months from the time the chick emerges from the ostrich egg we have before us a tall, lank specimen of a *Struthio camelus*, or African ostrich, some seven feet high; three years and a half later this indifferent nondescript has bloomed out into one of the most useful, beautiful, and majestic of creatures contained in the ornithological kingdom—the American ostrich, a fit prototype to its African ancestor who furnished the feather banners that a thousand years ago led the regal progress of all barbaric kings, and at still remoter ages adorned the helmets of the Crusaders and beautified the peristyles of Rome. The annual feather crop from a full-grown ostrich averages in value about thirty dollars. Every now and then a plucking of the ostriches at the local ostrich farm is advertised, to which the public are invited, and in which they take great interest. At this time the small feathers that are full grown, and would fall out in the course of nature if they were not plucked, are pulled out. While this is being done the stumps of the large plumes, cut off some three weeks previously, are also taken out, now painlessly, and the creature turned loose to grow another crop of feathers. To obtain the requisite docility for the operation the head of the creature is covered with a sack. The feathers are graded, washed, steamed, and after passing through a number of operations, are made up into the various articles of feminine adornment, for which there will be a steady demand as long as civilization exists. The unfertile eggs are blown and the shells sold in large numbers to tourists, as souvenirs of California; the dead ostriches are stuffed and sold to museums, while the tendons on the neck of an ostrich are turned over to physicians, for it has been found of late that they are useful in surgical operations.

One has to review the trade that is now going on in South Africa in ostrich feathers to see the immense possibilities of the American ostrich future. In the land of the Briton and the Boer domestic ostriches have increased from less than a hundred in 1865 to three hundred thousand. Already capital has been attracted to the industry in this country, so that it is now impossible to purchase a California ostrich without the consent of the ostrich trust. A large ostrich farm of some four hundred birds exists at Fullerton, another nearly as large in Arizona, while the two I own, one at South Pasadena and one at Norwalk, together contain some two hundred and fifty ostriches. One ostrich farm is established in Texas and one in Florida. Seven million dollars a year are paid by the feather merchants of London to the ostrich-farmers of the Cape for their product, whereof two million dollars in value comes to the United States, for which our people pay an import duty of 20 per cent.; all this progress has been made within the last thirty years. Comparing the future of the American import with that of its relative in Africa, it may safely be expected that when the States of California and Arizona are peopled with the *Struthio camelus*, which, as may be testified to from expert observation, is only a matter of time, we can surely congratulate the American descendant not only upon his fleet-footed and useful ancestry, whose interests have been so well advanced by British enterprise and capital, but upon his own future, for within the lifetime of the reader probably the output of ostrich feathers will join that of raisins and oranges and become *inter alia* one of the leading industries of the Golden State.

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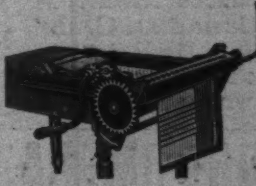

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE elections in Vermont and Maine have had a somewhat reassuring effect, but the results are variously interpreted, according to the party bias of the interpreter. On one side it is pointed out that the Republican losses and Democratic gains are such as, spread in the same proportion over all the States, would reverse the result of 1896, while on the other side it is claimed that in the West, where the silver sentiment was strong four years ago, the direction of gains and losses will be reversed. There is still sufficient uncertainty to produce a hesitating disposition.

The money-markets of the world remain essentially unchanged. In New York the condition is one of ease and low rates, such as has prevailed all summer. Call loans are still made below two per cent., and well-secured loans for sixty and ninety days command three and three and a half per cent. only. Loans are made somewhat freely at low rates to mature after the election, which indicates some degree of confidence. The reserves of the New York banks have been reduced by the withdrawal of legal-tender notes, which indicates the beginning of the movement of money to the West and South to "move the crops." This has begun later than usual, and in smaller volume, which is in some part due to the establishment of new banks in the West and South under the currency act of last March. The increase in the issue of notes of national banks in the East is said also to result in sending currency in that form rather than in legal tenders.

More favorable news from China and South Africa has produced a feeling of greater ease in London, where the reserves of the Bank of England have been greatly strengthened, while the money-market has been better supplied with funds. This is helped by the continued inactivity in stock operations. The exchanges everywhere have continued to be very dull, and confined mostly to the operations of professional speculators, who have been unable to draw in much from the outside public.

There has been an unusual flurry in cotton on account of the short supply of the staple in sight. The crop of the United States for the cotton year ending September 1 has been figured out at 9,439,559 bales, as compared with 11,235,383 for the previous year. Of this a little more than 6,000,000 was exported, against 7,455,000 and more for the year ending September 1, 1899. The consumption during the year exceeded the production by 410,846 bales, reducing by that much the supply on hand to bridge over to the coming in of the new crop.

The scanty visible supply caused a lively agitation and a marked advance of prices in the Liverpool market, and the Lancashire spinners met and decided to cease buying American "spot" cotton—that is, cotton for immediate delivery—during the month of September, which means a shut-down for many of the mills, as fully three-fourths of the cotton supply of the world comes from the United States, and Egypt and India, the other two principal sources, cannot make up the deficiency. This action intensified the speculation at Liverpool, New York, and New Orleans without producing more than a temporary reaction in the price, which advanced at one time above ten cents a pound. The disaster from the hurricane which struck Galveston and swept southern Texas aggravated the situation, while reports of another short crop helped to sustain the excited market. The cotton manufacturing interests of New England have been unfavorably affected, not only by the high price of the raw material, but by the accumulation of a stock of manufactured goods of which the prices had declined. The purchase of 500,000 pieces at one time by a print-cloth concern in Fall River afforded a measure of relief.

Reports from the iron and steel industries are still conflicting and uncertain, and there is no distinct revival of activity in the business. The number of furnaces in blast at the end of August was smaller by sixty-five than at the beginning of June, and the weekly production of pig-iron was reduced by nearly 65,000 tons, while the unsold stocks had increased by 260,000 tons. There is still an uneasy shifting of prices near what is regarded as the bottom, but new orders are slow in coming out. Relief by export is hampered by an unusual lack of transport facilities, on account of Eastern military and naval operations, and by consequent high freight charges. The same causes check what seemed to be a promising start in the export of coal, due to short supply and high prices in Europe. Whether the United States is to add bituminous coal permanently to its list of exports to distant countries is an interesting question much discussed nowadays.